



HARTSWOOD  
FILMS

**SHERLOCK SERIES 4**

Episode 1 - "The Six  
Thatchers"

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FINAL

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1

DARKNESS.

1

Fade up on a patch of deep, pellucid blue.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*"There was once a merchant in the famous market at Baghdad. One day, he saw a stranger looking at him in surprise. And he knew that the stranger was Death..."*

The blue colour shifts a little. It's a tank of water.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*Pale and trembling, the merchant fled the market place, and made his way many, many miles to the city of Samarra. For there, he was sure, Death could not find him. But when at last he came to Samarra, the merchant saw, waiting for him, the grim figure of Death...*

A monstrous gliding shadow in the rippling blue.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*'Very well', said the merchant. 'I give in. I am yours. But tell me, why did you look surprised when you saw me this morning in Baghdad?'*

Now a giant shape hoving through. A shark ...

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*'Because', said Death, 'I had an appointment with you tonight.'*

Now close on the terrible blank eye staring out at us, as it drifts past...

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*In Samarra..."*

Letting the shark go now. The rippling changes quality, like sunlight dazzling on water.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*When does the path we walk on lock around our feet? When does the road become a river, with only one destination?*

And in a moment of brightness, the water becomes a river, sunshine glittering madly. De-focussed in the foreground, three kids playing, barely glimpsed.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*Death waits for us all in Samarra. But can Samarra be avoided?*

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

The dazzle of light shifts again, becomes --

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

2 INT. GEORGIAN EMBASSY - DAY. 2

- shafts of wintry sunlight in the luxurious interior of a foreign embassy.

*Caption: Tbilisi, Georgia. Six years ago.*

Amongst the gilt and chandeliers, a group of weary, desperate HOSTAGES, huddled up in coats and blankets.

Guarding them with guns, bored-looking TERRORISTS.

Two of the hostages are playing chess. The AMBASSADOR and her HUSBAND.

AMBASSADOR  
(to terrorist)  
What do you think? Mate in two?

The terrorist looks away.

HUSBAND  
Don't antagonise them, darling.

AMBASSADOR  
What else is there to do? Chess  
palls after three months.  
Everything palls. I mean, getting  
shot isn't an enticing prospect but  
it's the waiting that kills you.

HUSBAND  
Don't talk like that. They'll send  
someone soon.

AMBASSADOR  
'They'? Who are 'they'? Seems to  
me, we put an awful lot of faith in  
'they'. I've got something 'they'  
would dearly love, if only we could  
get out of here.  
(grim smile)  
I've got ammo...

HUSBAND  
Ammo?

**SMASH!!!**

Through the windows in the high ceiling, abseil TWO MASKED FIGURES!

They shoot down the nearest Terrorists. The door bursts open and TWO MORE MASKED FIGURES burst inside.

*On screen graphic: Over each of the Figures appears a letter.*

(CONTINUED)

**G...A...R...A...**

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

Expertly, they shoot down the remaining guards. It's like a ballet of violent death.

The letters hover over them as they do their grim work.

The Ambassador and her husband look on in shock and awe as each of their captors is despatched.

The masked figures now stand in a different configuration.

On-screen graphic: the letters re-assemble themselves into...

**A...G...R...A...**

'R', a woman, steps forward.

'R'  
Madam Ambassador?

AMBASSADOR  
(smiles)  
What took you so long?

'R'  
Can't get the staff.

With expert efficiency, the liberators usher the hostages out of the room.

CUT TO:

3

INT. GEORGIAN EMBASSY. GREAT HALL - DAY.

3

The MASKED FIGURES and the HOSTAGES stream out into a huge, marble-columned hall.

Suddenly, from all around them - the cocking of guns.

They're completely surrounded by TERRORISTS. One is a huge man with distinctive GOLD TEETH. He smiles horribly.

The four rescuers pull off their masks. They are GABRIEL, ALEX and AJAY - a slim, handsome Indian man in his 30s with a chain round his neck.

AJAY  
What now? What do we do?

The last rescuer, 'R', removes her mask. Dark haired. Younger. But it's the woman who will become -- MARY WATSON!

She looks round at the impossible situation.

MARY  
We die.

She cocks her gun.

CUT TO:

4 TITLES 4

CUT TO:

5 EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - NIGHT. 5

A charming country house in extensive grounds. There are lots of cars parked on the sweeping gravel driveway.

The lights in the house are ablaze.

Over this: a chorus of 'Happy Birthday David'.

CUT TO:

6 INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 6

Party poppers burst into the air.

The comfortable library, full of people. There's a big banner that reads 'Happy 50th!'

DAVID WELSBOROUGH (50) is kissing his wife EMMA (40s).

There's a huge cheer and a chorus of 'Happy Birthday'.

EMMA

Happy birthday, love.

DAVID

Thanks. God. *Fifty*. Where does it go? I know for a fact I was only twenty one this time last week.

EMMA

Impossible. That was before you knew me.

DAVID

"And there never -

EMMA

(a familiar chorus)  
- there never was such a time."

They laugh and kiss again.

Close by, there's a kind of shrine to Margaret Thatcher. There are photos, paintings, busts of the late PM.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She's looking at me disapprovingly again.

DAVID

She's just jealous.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

EMMA  
I think we both are.

(CONTINUED)



6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

His phone starts to buzz.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
David. You promised...

DAVID  
Think it's just a message. No, it's  
a *Skype* call.

He pronounces Skype the way you might handle a rotting, week-old fish.

EMMA  
Must be Charlie then.

She glances at framed photos on the table. There are lots of a young man in his 20s - CHARLIE.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Well at least he's *phoning*, I  
suppose.

David clicks his phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hello?

A very pixilated image of Charlie - he's in the Selfie pose, with a mountain range visible behind him.

CHARLIE  
(On screen)  
Hey Dad! Happy birthday! Sorry to  
miss the party, but travel broadens  
the mind, right?

DAVID  
Wish you'd tell the PM - he seems  
determined to keep me at home.  
(Shakes the phone)  
Picture's frozen.

CHARLIE  
(V.O.)  
Yeah, signal's rubbish - but I can  
still hear you.

DAVID  
Why's it rubbish, where are you?

EMMA  
How is he? Is he eating? Ask him if  
he's eating!

David tries to shush her.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

DAVID  
(into phone)  
I'll go somewhere quieter. Hang on  
a sec.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - NIGHT.

7

DAVID ducks outside onto the large driveway of the house,  
phone at his ear now so he can hear better.

DAVID  
So where are you?  
(Silence)  
Charlie? Are you there?

CHARLIE  
(V.O.)  
Sorry, I'm here, I'm just a bit -  
...

DAVID  
You okay?

CHARLIE  
(V.O.)  
It's nothing, probably just the  
altitude.

DAVID  
*Altitude??*

CHARLIE  
(V.O.)  
I'm in Tibet, didn't you see the  
mountains?

DAVID  
Never mind mountains, your Mum  
wants to know if you're eating.

CHARLIE  
(V.O.)  
No, not eating at all, but don't  
worry, I'm drinking twice as much.

DAVID  
(Smiling)  
I'll tell her that.

CHARLIE  
(V.O.)  
Wait till I'm home, I want to  
watch. Listen, Dad. Could you do me  
a favour?

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

DAVID  
(straining to hear)  
What?

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
A favour. Could you just check  
something on my car?

DAVID  
Your car?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Yeah. Humour me! It's to settle a  
bet. The guys here don't believe  
I've got a Power Ranger stuck to  
the bonnet!

DAVID  
Oh that toy.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Yeah! Could you take a photo and  
send it?

DAVID  
(laughs)  
Yeah. 'Course. Give me sec.

David walks past a number of cars on the drive and then stops  
at a slightly beaten up, studenty-looking one which is  
furthest from the house. He activates the torch on his phone  
and passes it over the car. Stuck to the bonnet, like a Rolls-  
Royce emblem is a Power Ranger toy.

In the light of David's phone torch we see inside the car.  
Driver's seat. Passenger seat. It's empty and undisturbed.

David lines up the phone, takes a picture of the toy and  
sends it as a text.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
All done! You got it? I remember  
when you got that. You were  
obsessed with those ruddy things!  
So, when are you coming home?

Silence from the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Charlie? When should we expect you  
back?

Silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
Bloody Skype.

He tries again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Charlie?

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

He looks down at the phone, disappointed.

LESTRADE(V.O.)  
That was the night of the party.  
Then, a week later...

CUT TO:

8 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY.

8

Iconic shot. SHERLOCK with his fingers steepled under his chin, eyes closed. Next to him - JOHN.

JOHN  
Yes?

They sit opposite D.I. LESTRADE.

LESTRADE  
...something really weird happened.

Sherlock smiles.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - NIGHT.

9

Charlie's car is parked where it was. Alone now.

Suddenly, another car comes careering down the drive, weaving about erratically.

LESTRADE (V.O.)  
Drunk driver. Totally smashed. Cops were chasing him and he pulled onto the drive of the Welsborough house to try and get away. Unfortunately -

The drunk's car screeches over the gravel and slams into the side of Charlie's car.

*BOOOOM!*

Both cars explode.

Close on the Power Ranger toy melting over the blazing bonnet...

LESTRADE (V.O.)  
The drunk guy survived. They managed to pull him out. But when they put the fire out and examined the other car -

CUT TO:

10

# A BURNT CORPSE!

11

( CONTINUED )

11

CONTINUED:

11

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Made of vinyl. But two different  
types of vinyl present.  
(to Lestrade)  
Was it his own car?

LESTRADE  
Yes. Not very flash. He was a  
student.

SHERLOCK  
That's suggestive.

LESTRADE  
Why?

SHERLOCK  
Because vinyl is cheaper than  
leather.

LESTRADE  
(baffled)  
Right.

JOHN  
(grabbing report)  
There's something else.

SHERLOCK  
Yes?

JOHN  
According to this, Charlie  
Welsborough had already been dead a  
week.

SHERLOCK  
*What?*

JOHN  
The body in the car. Dead a week.

SHERLOCK  
Oh, this is a good one! Is it my  
birthday?  
(to Lestrade)  
You want help?

LESTRADE  
Yes, please.

SHERLOCK  
On one condition.

LESTRADE  
Ok.

SHERLOCK  
Take all the credit. It gets boring  
if I just solve them all.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

LESTRADE

You say that, but then John blogs about it and you get the credit anyway!

JOHN

Yeah. He's got a point.

LESTRADE

Which makes me look like some prima donna who insists on getting credit for something he didn't do!

JOHN

Think you've hit a sore spot, Sherlock.

LESTRADE

Like I'm some sort of credit junkie.

JOHN

Definitely a sore spot.

LESTRADE

So you take the glory, thanks all the same.

SHERLOCK

Ok.

LESTRADE

Just solve the bloody thing, will you. It's driving me nuts.

SHERLOCK

Anything you say, Giles.

Lestrade glares at him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

Lestrade looks down at the report. In that second, Sherlock looks appealingly to John.

John mouths 'Greg!'

Sherlock mouths 'What?'

John mouths 'Greg!' Just as Lestrade looks up and nearly catches him.

John clears his throat, tries to cover.

JOHN

Obvious what happened, though, isn't it?

Sherlock turns, surprised.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

SHERLOCK  
John, you amaze me. You know what happened?

JOHN  
Not a clue. It's just you usually say that around this point.

Sherlock smiles and pulls on his coat. He turns confidently to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK  
Come on then. Let's solve your little problem. *Greg*.

Lestrade looks childishly pleased.

LESTRADE  
(to John)  
Did you hear that?

JOHN  
(innocently)  
I know!

CUT TO:

12 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. HALLWAY - DAY.

12

SHERLOCK leads the way down the stairs. JOHN and LESTRADE clatter behind him.

LESTRADE  
(to John)  
How's it going then? Fatherhood?

JOHN  
Great! Good, yeah. Amazing.

LESTRADE  
Getting any sleep?

JOHN  
Christ, no.

LESTRADE  
At the beck and call of a screaming, demanding baby. Woken up at all hours to obey its every whim.  
(Shoots a look at Sherlock)  
Must feel very different.

SHERLOCK.  
(Blankly)  
... sorry what?

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

JOHN  
(Getting the joke)  
You know how it is. All you do is  
clear up the mess and pat them on  
the head.

SHERLOCK.  
Are you two having a joke?

JOHN  
Not a word of thanks. Can't even  
tell people's faces apart.

SHERLOCK.  
This is a joke, isn't it?

LESTRADE  
Yeah, and it's all "ohh, aren't you  
clever. Oh, you're so, so clever!"

SHERLOCK  
Is it about me?

LESTRADE  
I think he needs winding.

JOHN  
You know, that really could be it.

SHERLOCK.  
No. Don't get it.

CUT TO:

13

INT. TAXI - DAY.

13

SHERLOCK, LESTRADE and JOHN are in a cab.

LESTRADE  
How long's it been now?

JOHN  
Three months.

Suddenly, Sherlock opens the door of the moving cab --

CUT TO:

14

INT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT.

14

-- and steps into the back of another car as it bombs along a  
motorway!

**This is a physical flashback.**

**The plan is for this to be come the signature style of all  
three episodes. A more theatrical type of visual flourish.**

(CONTINUED)



14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

Mary howls in pain again. Sherlock pulls the phone close to his mouth and whispers.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

SHERLOCK

Yes. You may have nothing but a limbless torso but there'll still be traces of ink in the lymph nodes under the armpits. If your mystery corpse had tattoos, the signs will be there.

DIMMOCK

Bloody hell. Is that a guess?

SHERLOCK

I never guess!

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But it's not too early to speculate. I think it could be... you know...*him*.

DIMMOCK

(awed)

Moriarty?

Sherlock nods.

DIMMOCK (CONT'D)

You really think so?

SHERLOCK

(laughs)

'Course not! This is child's play.

Mary reaches out her hand and grips Sherlock's --

-- knocking the phone to the car floor.

JOHN

(over his shoulder)

Ok, Mary. Calm. Calm breaths. Like in the classes, remember?

MARY

'Course I remember!

JOHN

Think of the word 'relax'.

MARY

What??

JOHN

It has two syllables, 're' and 'lax'.

(breathes in)

Re...

(and out)

...lax. Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (4)

14

MARY

I'm a bloody nurse! I know what to do!

JOHN

Re...

MARY

Re...

She shrieks in pain.

MARY (CONT'D)

Drive!! **DRIVE!!** Oh GOD!!

HOPKINS

(on phone)

So he's the killer? The canary trainer?

Sherlock bends down and pretends to fumble retrieving his phone from the well of the car seat. He uses the chance to whisper into the phone.

SHERLOCK

Of course he's the killer!

HOPKINS

Didn't see that coming.

SHERLOCK

(smiles)

Naturally.

JOHN

(warningly, to Sherlock)

*Sherlock?!*

SHERLOCK

Hm?

JOHN

*Mary!*

SHERLOCK

Yes! That's it, Mary. Re...

(breathes in)

...lax.

(and out)

Re...

MARY

Don't you start!

HOPKINS

(on phone)

Are you going to tell me how he did it?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (5)

14

SHERLOCK

...lax.

(into phone)

Where'd be the fun in that?

HOPKINS

(on phone)

I thought it might be, you know -

SHERLOCK

**NO!**

Sherlock hangs up. Mary cries out.

MARY

John! Think you need to pull over!

JOHN

Nearly there!

MARY

**John! JOHN!! PULL OVER!!**

JOHN

We're nearly -

He glances in the mirror.

JOHN (CONT'D)

*Ohmygod!!*

He puffs out his cheeks - and pulls the car over.

Over this: the wail of a newborn.

CUT TO:

15

INT. CAR - NIGHT.

15

The car's in a layby. Inside - an exhausted but beaming MARY. Next to her, JOHN holding a beautiful, perfect baby girl.

MARY

(smiling, to John)

Nice one, doctor.

JOHN

Takes two.

Sherlock approaches from outside the car, holding his phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sherlock, I told you! Put that thing away! I don't care if it is Moriarty behind any of these cases -

SHERLOCK

No, no, no -

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

JOHN  
Take a day off, for God's -

SHERLOCK  
I was just going to, you know, take  
a picture...

He takes a photo.

*FLASH!*

CUT TO:

16

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY.

16

*FLASH!*

(Still in flashback)

MRS HUDSON has just taken a photo.

It's some days later.

The room is full of presents, cards and people.

MARY is cradling the baby. JOHN, beaming, next to her.  
SHERLOCK is in the corner, inevitably texting. MOLLY is there  
too.

MRS HUDSON  
Has that come out? They never come  
out when I take them.

MOLLY  
Let's have a look.

She takes the camera.

MRS HUDSON  
She's beautiful. How're you  
feeling?

Tired.

MARY

Tired.

JOHN

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)  
Bound to.

MOLLY  
Hm. Bit red eyed.

JOHN  
Like I said.

MOLLY  
No, the photo. Try again?

John and Mary get back into their pose.

(CONTINUED)



16

CONTINUED:

16

MRS HUDSON

What about a name?

JOHN

Catherine!

MARY

We've gone off that.

JOHN

Have we?

MARY

Yes.

JOHN

Oh.

MRS HUDSON

Ruby?

Mary pulls a face.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

Daisy? *Lily!*

SHERLOCK

(to John)

Well, you know what I think.

JOHN

It's not a girl's name.

MARY

It's not a girl's name.

Beat.

JOHN

And we don't want anything too trendy.

MOLLY

I know! Used to be just pop stars and footballers. Now it's people you thought were sane. They call their kids all sorts of bollocks these days.

MARY

We're definitely not calling her *that*.

John smiles and kisses her. She nudges him.

JOHN

Oh yeah.

(smiles)

Molly. Mrs H. We'd love you to be the baby's Godparents.

Molly and Mrs Hudson talk at once.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

MRS HUDSON

Oh!

MOLLY

Oh!

MRS HUDSON

How lovely!

MOLLY

Thanks. Thanks, that's really...

MRS HUDSON

What a nice thought.

MOLLY

Love to. Thanks! Are you sure?

MARY

'Course!

MRS HUDSON

What an honour!

MOLLY

That's so sweet.

Mary nudges John again.

JOHN

Oh and...  
(deep breath)  
...you too, Sherlock.

Sherlock doesn't look up from his phone.

SHERLOCK

Me too, what?

JOHN

Godfather. We'd like you to be  
Godfather.

SHERLOCK

God is a ludicrous fiction dreamt  
up by inadequates who abnegate all  
responsibility to an invisible  
magic friend.

JOHN

Yeah - but there'll be cake. Will  
you do it?

SHERLOCK

I'll get back to you.

John turns to Mary. Shrugs.

He looks over at Sherlock who continues texting furiously.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (3)

16

Sherlock's texts fill the screen.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (4)

16

*"Fresh paint to disguise another smell."*

*"Odd socks? Arrest brother-in-law."*

*"If dog can't swim, neighbour is killer".*

*"Look for albino salesman".*

John looks on, concerned. Then he walks out of the 'scene' and onto --

CUT TO:

17

INT. LONDON BUS - DAY.

17

-- a bus.

We're now in John's 'physical flashback'.

The bus is fairly full. A lot of tired-looking commuters, some sound asleep. Their faces balloon in the distortion of the windows.

JOHN's amongst them, grey with fatigue. He yawns hugely and is staring into space when he suddenly notices a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN woman across the way.

She smiles warmly.

John perks up. Smiles back. Then he looks away, a little shyly.

He contemplates his shoes for a minute, then risks another look.

The Beautiful Woman is still looking. She smiles again, just a little. The side of her soft lips tugging upwards. And there's a real twinkle in her eye.

John can't help but respond.

He's pleased. Despite a crushing lack of sleep, despite feeling like death, he's clearly still got it.

The bus pulls up at the next stop and John makes to go.

He risks one last look back.

The Beautiful Woman is beaming at him with a very amused expression.

John practically smooths his hair back like Roger Moore, he's so delighted. He nods to the woman and then gets off, a little reluctantly.

CUT TO:

18

He sees himself properly for the first time.

CUT TO:

18A

John bends down to nuzzle her.

CUT TO:

18B

CUT TO:

19

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
Conversation would be a bit one-  
sided.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

JOHN  
(sotto)  
I meant me and Mary.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
So did I.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (3)

19

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
This world is a howling pit of  
misery, despair and desolation,  
John. Why would anyone want to  
bring a baby into it?

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Because that's what people do when  
they love each other.

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
You're talking to me like I'm a  
child.

JOHN  
(sotto)  
You are a child.

Mrs Hudson looks over her shoulder and glares at them.

The Vicar takes the baby from Mary carries her towards the  
font.

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
Look, I'm trying. It's just...not  
really my area.

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Aha.

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
I just feel, you know...a bit...

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Like a third wheel?

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
Yes. Exactly. A third wheel.  
(thinks)  
Though that analogy only works for  
a bicycle.

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Yes.

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
If it's a car then -

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Yes.

(CONTINUED)



19

CONTINUED: (4)

19

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
Technically, a fifth wheel -

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Yeah. Got it.

They're all now gathered at the font. John moves to stand next to Mary, Sherlock's with Molly.

VICAR  
Father, we ask that you pour your blessings into this water and sanctify it for our use today. In Christ's name. What name have you given your daughter?

MARY  
Rosamund Mary.

SHERLOCK  
(sotto to Molly)  
Rosamund?

MOLLY  
It means 'Rose of the world'. Rosie for short. Didn't you get John's text?

SHERLOCK  
I delete his texts. I delete any text that starts with 'Hi'. I'd rather cut to the chase.

MOLLY  
I can't think why people think you're an unemotional bastard.

Mrs Hudson clears her throat. Molly mouths 'sorry'. She nods urgently to Sherlock - 'phone!'

He holds it behind his back but we see he continues texting.

VICAR  
Now for the godparents.

He beams at Mrs Hudson, Molly and Sherlock.

VICAR (CONT'D)  
Are you ready to help the parents of this child in their duty as Christian parents?

MOLLY  
We are.

MRS HUDSON  
We are.

Molly nudges Sherlock.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (5)

19

SHERLOCK  
What? Oh. Yes. Probably.

VICAR  
Do you reject Satan, father of sin  
and prince of darkness?

Suddenly, from Sherlock's phone, a robotic voice --

SIRI  
*Sorry. I didn't catch that.*

Sherlock freezes.

SIRI (CONT'D)  
*Please repeat the question.*

MARY glares at him.

Sherlock casually walks away from the font and back into --

CUT TO:

19A

INT. TAXI - DAY.

19A

-- the speeding cab, where the whole flashback sequence began.

**Back to the present.**

JOHN  
Three months.

LESTRADE  
Well, congratulations. You're  
looking well on it.

JOHN  
Really?

LESTRADE  
(laughs)  
Nah.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - DAY.

20

The taxi is on the driveway of an impressive, posh house.

SHERLOCK  
(to driver)  
Wait here.

JOHN  
Are we not stopping?

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

*No.* SHERLOCK

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LESTRADE walk down the drive.

LESTRADE

Charlie's family are pretty cut up  
about it, as you'd expect. So go  
easy on them, yeah?

SHERLOCK

You know me.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (3)

20

LESTRADE  
(heavily)  
Yes.

John's phone buzzes. MARY appears on Face-time.

JOHN  
(answering)  
Got them. Don't worry. Pampers.  
That cream you can't get from Boots  
-

CUT TO:

21

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY.

21

MARY is holding the baby. Cut between them.

MARY  
(excited)  
Never mind that. Where are you now?  
The dead boy's house?

JOHN  
Yes.

MARY  
So what does he think? Any  
theories?

JOHN  
I texted you the details.

MARY  
Yeah. Two different types of  
vinyl...

CUT TO:

22

EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - DAY.

22

SHERLOCK grabs the phone from JOHN.

SHERLOCK  
(into phone)  
How do you know about this?

MARY  
(phone)  
You'd be amazed what a receptionist  
picks up. They know everything!

SHERLOCK  
Solved it then?

MARY  
(phone)  
Working on it!

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

SHERLOCK  
Motherhood's slowing you down,  
Mary.

MARY  
(phone)  
Pig.

SHERLOCK  
Keep trying!

He hands back the phone to John.

JOHN  
(into phone)  
Dead for a week! How do you explain  
that??

He drops back.

LESTRADE  
You know you never did tell me.

SHERLOCK  
Tell you what?

LESTRADE  
How you squared everything. After  
you, you know, shot...*you know*.

SHERLOCK  
Charles Augustus Magnussen?

LESTRADE  
Yeah. Him.

They've reached the front door of the house. Lestrade rings  
the bell.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)  
When you got on that plane, we all  
thought we'd never see you again.

SHERLOCK  
You weren't the only ones.

He opens the door of a porch and steps through into --

CUT TO:

23

INT. MI6 CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY.

23

-- a conference room, like the one from 'His Last Vow'.

**Physical flashback.**

LADY SMALLWOOD and SIR EDWIN (from 'His Last Vow') are there,  
along with a white-haired dot of a secretary VIVIAN (70s).

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Mycroft is showing grainy security footage. It's Sherlock and John outside Appledore in 'His Last Vow'...

MYCROFT

What you're about to see is  
classified *beyond* top secret.

Beat.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Is that quite clear?

Sherlock doesn't look up from his phone.

MYCROFT

(to Vivian)

Don't minute any of this.

Vivian puts down her pen.

On the video image, Sherlock raises the gun and shoots Magnussen.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Once beyond these walls you must  
never speak of it.

On screen, Sherlock fires. Magnussen falls. John bellows in despair.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

A 'D' Notice has been slapped on  
this entire incident. Only those in  
this room - Codenames Antarctica,  
Langdale, Porlock and Love will  
know the full truth. As far as  
everyone else is concerned, going  
up to the Prime Minister and way  
beyond -

The image freezes.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

What are you - ?  
(appalled)  
Are you *tweeting*?

SHERLOCK.

(guiltily)

No!

MYCROFT

That's what it looks like.

SHERLOCK.

Not at all. 'Course not.  
Why would I be tweeting?

MYCROFT

Give me that.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

SHERLOCK.  
Gerroff!

(CONTINUED)



23

CONTINUED: (3)

23

Mycroft makes a grab for the phone. They briefly struggle but Mycroft gets the upper hand.

MYCROFT  
(reading)  
*"Back on terra firma - "*

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK.  
Don't read it out!!

MYCROFT  
*"Free as a bird - "*

SHERLOCK.  
God, you're such a spoilsport!

MYCROFT  
(sighs)  
Will you take this matter  
seriously, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK.  
I am taking it seriously! What  
makes you think I'm not taking it  
seriously?

MYCROFT  
(reads from phone)  
*Hashtag: "ohwhatabeautiful  
morning."*

SHERLOCK.  
Look, not so long ago I was on a  
mission that was going to lead to  
certain death. *My* death. Now I'm  
back in a nice warm office with my  
big brother and -

He grabs a handful of biscuits from the table.

SHERLOCK  
*Are these ginger nuts?*

MYCROFT  
Oh God.

SHERLOCK  
I love ginger nuts!

He stuffs them into his mouth.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Our doctors said you were clean.

SHERLOCK  
I am! Utterly. Told you, no need  
for stimulants now. I have work to  
do.

SIR EDWIN  
You're high as a kite!

SHERLOCK  
All natural, I assure you. Natural  
high! Just - glad to be alive. What  
shall we do next?

23

CONTINUED: (5)

23

He fixes the secretary, Vivian, with a manic stare.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (6)

23

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What's your name?

VIVIAN

Vivian.

SHERLOCK

What would you do, Vivian?

VIVIAN

Pardon?

SHERLOCK

It's a lovely day. Go for a stroll?  
Make a paper aeroplane? Have an ice  
lolly?

VIVIAN

(shrugs)

Ice lolly, I suppose.

SHERLOCK

Ice lolly it is. Would you like  
one?

VIVIAN

What?

SHERLOCK

I might as well, if I'm going.  
What's your favourite?

VIVIAN

I really shouldn't -

SHERLOCK

Go on!

VIVIAN

(tentative)

Do they still do Mivvis?

LADY SMALLWOOD

Mr Holmes -

SHERLOCK.

Yes?

MYCROFT

Yes?

Lady Smallwood looks between them.

LADY SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

We do need to get on.

MYCROFT

Of course.

He restarts the video. The same footage again. But this time,  
as Sherlock raises his gun -

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (7)

23

*Bang!*

(CONTINUED)

A shot rings out a moment **earlier**.

The image changes to a helmet-cam POV. Magnussen falls. The heavily armed MARKSMEN crowd in around the POV. Chaos.

MARKSMAN

(on-screen)

Who fired? Who the hell fired that shot??

Mycroft pauses the image.

SIR EDWIN

Some over-eager squaddie with an itchy trigger finger, that's who.

SHERLOCK

(mouthful of biscuits)

That's not what happened.

MYCROFT

(unsmiling)

It is now.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Remarkable. How did you do it?

SIR EDWIN

We have very talented people working here. If James Moriarty can hack every TV screen in the land, rest assured we have the tech to doctor a bit of security footage. That's now the official version. The version anyone we want to will see.

LADY SMALLWOOD

No need to go to the trouble of getting some kind of official pardon. You're off the hook, Mr Holmes. You're home and dry.

SHERLOCK

OK. Cheers!

He gets up and strides to the door.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Obviously, there's unfinished business.

Sherlock pauses in the doorway.

LADY SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

Moriarty.

SHERLOCK.

I told you. Moriarty's dead.

23

CONTINUED: (9)

23

LADY SMALLWOOD  
You say he filmed that video  
message before he died.

SHERLOCK  
Yes.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
You also say you know what he'll do  
next. What does that mean?

SIR EDWIN  
Perhaps that's all there is to it.  
Perhaps he just wanted to frighten  
you?

SHERLOCK  
No! No, he would never be that  
disappointing! He's planned  
something. Something long term.  
Something that would take effect if  
he didn't get off that rooftop  
alive. A posthumous revenge. No,  
even better! A posthumous *game*!

LADY SMALLWOOD  
We brought you back to deal with  
this. What are you going to do?

SHERLOCK  
Wait.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Wait??

SHERLOCK  
Of course, wait. I'm the target -  
targets wait! Whatever's coming,  
whatever he's got lined up, I'll  
know when it begins. I always know  
when the game is on. Do you know  
why?

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Why?

SHERLOCK  
(Grins)  
Because I *love* it!

He goes through the door and into --

CUT TO:

24

INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. CORRIDOR - DAY.

24

-- a tasteful corridor, its walls covered in ancestral  
portraits.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

**Back to the present.**

(CONTINUED)



24

CONTINUED: (2)

24

A PARLIAMENTARY AID is escorting SHERLOCK, JOHN and LESTRADE.  
Mary's still on face-time.

MARY

(phone)

What about it then?

SHERLOCK

What?

MARY

(phone)

An empty car that suddenly has a  
week-old corpse in it? Is it  
Moriarty? What are you going to  
call this one?

JOHN

The Ghost Driver?

SHERLOCK

(weary)

Don't give it a title.

JOHN

People like the titles.

SHERLOCK

I hate the titles.

JOHN

Give the people what they want.

SHERLOCK

No. Never do that. People are  
stupid.

MARY

(phone)

*Some* people are stupid.

SHERLOCK

*All* people are stupid.

A look from Mary on the phone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Most people.

He hangs up and tosses the phone to John.

LESTRADE

Bizarre enough, though, isn't it,  
to be him? I mean, right up your  
strasse.

The Aid shows them through into --

CUT TO:

25

**OMITTED**

25

26

INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIBRARY - DAY.

26

-- the library. Sherlock sweeps in to address DAVID and EMMA WELSBOROUGH. They look pale and shattered, eyes raw with crying.

Sherlock lets his smile drop.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Mr and Mrs Welsborough, I really am  
most terribly sorry about your  
daughter -

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Son.

SHERLOCK  
Son.

LESTRADE  
Mr and Mrs Welsborough. This is Mr  
Sherlock Holmes.

DAVID  
Thank you for coming. We've heard a  
great deal about you. If anyone can  
throw light into this darkness,  
surely it will be you.

SHERLOCK  
Well I think it's possible that I  
can -

And he breaks off.

And it's like something has impacted inside his brain. New  
thought, tolling like a bell in his mind.

All around him the room, seems to slow, to blur, recede -

- and now he's slowly turning his head, to look at -

The Thatcher shrine. Amongst the memorabilia, there is a  
distinctive gap, where something should stand.

On Sherlock, staring at that -

- playing across his face, just a hint of the rippling blue  
light from the beginning - a portent of terrible things to  
come....

Voices talking to him - they sound distant, underwater.

JOHN  
Sherlock?

DAVID  
Mr. Holmes?

(CONTINUED)

With an effort, Sherlock shifts his attention back to the others.

SHERLOCK  
I'm sorry, you were saying?

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Charlie was our whole world, Mr Holmes. I don't think we'll ever get over this.

SHERLOCK  
No. Shouldn't think so.

Sherlock has turned to look at the shrine again, as if drawn magnetically.

JOHN flashes him a look, irritated at his callousness -  
- but now caught by Sherlock's mood change. What's happened?

SHERLOCK  
I'm very sorry, excuse me a moment.

He strides over to the shrine, now a little way from the others. John flashes an apologetic smile at the others.

JOHN  
I'll just, um -

He hurries over to Sherlock, who is staring hauntedly at multiple Thatchers. Whispered conversation.

JOHN  
What's wrong?

SHERLOCK  
Not sure, just ...  
(Shrugs)  
By the pricking of my thumbs...

JOHN  
Seriously? You?

SHERLOCK  
Intuitions are not to be ignored, John. They represent data processed too fast for the conscious mind to comprehend.  
(To David)  
What's this?

DAVID  
Oh, I suppose it's a sort of shrine, really. Bit of a fan of Mrs T. Great hero of mine when I was getting started.

SHERLOCK  
Right. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Who?

DAVID  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Who is this again?

DAVID  
Are you serious?

Sherlock, now has his lens, examining all the details.

JOHN  
(What the hell is he up  
to?)  
Sherlock ... ?

DAVID  
Margaret Thatcher. First female  
Prime Minister of this country.

SHERLOCK  
Right.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
*Prime...Minister?*

DAVID  
Leader of the Government!

SHERLOCK  
Right.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
*....Female?*

David gawps.

JOHN  
You know perfectly well who she is -  
why are you playing for time?

SHERLOCK  
It's the *gap*, look at the gap, it's  
wrong. Everything else is perfectly  
placed and maintained - whole  
thing's verging on OCD.  
(To David)  
My respects.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (3)

26

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

Look, this figurine is repeatedly  
repositioned once the cleaner has  
been in, and this picture  
straightened daily. And yet, this  
ugly gap remains.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (4)

26

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
Something's missing, but only recently.

DAVID  
Yes, a -

DAVID  
- plaster bust.

SHERLOCK  
(Using his lens)  
- plaster bust.

EMMA  
(angry)  
Oh, for God's sake, it got broken!  
What the hell does this have to do  
with Charlie?

SHERLOCK  
The carpet.

EMMA  
The what?

SHERLOCK  
Well how could it get broken? The  
only place it could fall is the  
floor, which is thickly carpeted.

EMMA  
Does it *matter*?

JOHN  
Mrs Welsborough, my apologies - but  
it's worth letting him do this.

EMMA  
Is your friend quite mad?

JOHN  
No, he's an arsehole. But it's an  
easy mistake.

DAVID  
We had a break-in. Some little  
bastard smashed it to bits. We  
found the remains out there on the  
porch.

SHERLOCK  
The porch where we came in?

DAVID  
How anyone could hate her so much,  
they'd go to the trouble of  
smashing her likeness...

SHERLOCK  
Well I'm no expert, but possibly  
her face.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (5)

26

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
But why didn't he smash all the  
others? How could he resist? She's  
*smiling* in that one.

(CONTINUED)



EMMA

Inspector, this is clearly a waste of time. If there's nothing more -

SHERLOCK

I know what happened to your son.

EMMA

... You do?

SHERLOCK

Perfectly simple. Superficial, to be blunt. But first, tell me - the break-in happened at night, this room was in darkness?

DAVID

Well, yes.

SHERLOCK

The porch where it was found - I noticed the motion sensor was damaged, so I assume it is permanently lit.

LESTRADE

How did you notice that?

SHERLOCK

I lack the arrogance to ignore details - I'm not the police.

JOHN

Okay. So you mean he broke it where he could see it.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

JOHN

Why?

SHERLOCK

Dunno. Wouldn't be exciting if I knew.

EMMA

Mr. Holmes, *please!*

Sherlock instantly switches mode, turning his smile on.

SHERLOCK

It was your fiftieth birthday, Mr Welsborough. Naturally, you were disappointed that your son couldn't make it back from his gap year. After all, he was in Tibet.

DAVID

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (7) 26

SHERLOCK  
No.

DAVID  
No?

CUT TO:

27 INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT. 27

*Flashback.*

CHARLIE's car is parked on the driveway.

And Charlie himself is behind the wheel!

From the house, a muffled chorus of 'Happy Birthday'.

Charlie takes out his phone jabs, away at it.

On screen text: SENDING FILE.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
The first part of your conversation  
was, in fact, a pre-recorded video -  
easily arranged.

CUT TO:

27A INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 27A

*Flashback.*

DAVID  
Think it's just a message. No, it's  
a *Skype* call.

SHERLOCK  
(V.O. Over the scene)  
The fact is, he was never going to  
miss your party. The trick was  
meant to be a surprise.

CUT TO:

28 INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIBRARY - DAY. 28

DAVID  
Trick?

SHERLOCK  
Obviously.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - NIGHT.

29

From inside the car CHARLIE watches as his father leaves the house.

CHARLIE  
Could you just check something on  
my car?

DAVID  
Your car?

CHARLIE  
Yeah. Humour me! It's to settle a  
bet. The guys here don't believe  
I've got a Power Ranger stuck to  
the bonnet!

DAVID  
Oh that toy.

CHARLIE  
Yeah! Could you take a photo and  
send it?

DAVID  
(laughs)  
Yeah. 'Course. Give me sec.

Quick as a flash, CHARLIE grabs the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

30

INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIBRARY - DAY.

30

SHERLOCK  
Two different types of vinyl  
present in the burnt-out remains.  
One, the actual passenger seat. The  
other, a good copy. Or good enough,  
anyway.

Charlie removes a fake, hollow passenger seat that's covering  
the *actual* passenger seat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Effectively, a costume.

Charlie gets 'into' the fake seat which covers him. It now  
looks like there's no-one at the wheel of the car.

DAVID shines his phone torch over the car. It appears to be  
empty.

CUT TO:

31            INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIBRARY - DAY.            31

                                DAVID  
                                You're joking?

                                SHERLOCK  
                                (po-faced)  
                                No. I'm not.

Beat.

                                SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
                                All Charlie wanted was for you to  
                                come close enough to spring the  
                                surprise.

CUT TO:

32            INT. CAR - NIGHT.            32

CLOSE on the headrest of the seat 'costume'. We can see  
CHARLIE's smiling eyes through the mesh.

Outside, DAVID takes the photo on his phone.

Then Charlie's eyes widen, agonized.

                                SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
                                That's when it happened. I can't be  
                                certain, of course, but I think  
                                Charlie must have had some sort of  
                                seizure. You said he'd felt unwell.

*Flashback*

                                CHARLIE  
                                (V.O.)  
                                Must be the altitude.

                                SHERLOCK  
                                (V.O.)  
                                He died there and then.

CUT TO:

33            INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIBRARY - DAY.            33

                                SHERLOCK  
                                No-one had any reason to go near  
                                his car and so he stayed in the  
                                driving seat, hidden. Until...

CUT TO:

34

EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - NIGHT.

34

The drunk-driver slams into the side of Charlie's car and both vehicles go up in flames.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

The Power Ranger toy melts horribly...

CUT TO:

35 INT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME. LIBRARY - DAY. 35

SHERLOCK

When the cars were examined, the fake seat had melted in the fire, revealing Charlie - who'd been sitting there, quite dead, for a week.

Emma weeps softly.

LESTRADE

Poor kid.

Sherlock is suddenly solicitous.

SHERLOCK

I really am very sorry.

He goes to the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mr Welsborough. Mrs Welsborough.

John and Lestrade follow him out.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. THE WELSBOROUGH HOME - DAY. 36

Lestrade and John find Sherlock crouched in the porch, examining the floor.

SHERLOCK

Must have been about here it was smashed...

LESTRADE

That was amazing.

SHERLOCK

What was?

LESTRADE

The car, that kid -

SHERLOCK

Ancient history, why are you still talking about it?

JOHN

(Kneeling by him)

What's so important about a broken bust of Margaret Thatcher?

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

SHERLOCK  
I can't stand it, I never can -  
there's a loose thread in the  
world.

JOHN  
Doesn't mean you have to pull on  
it.

SHERLOCK  
What sort of life would that be?  
Besides, I have the strangest  
feeling -

***Flashback! (Sudden, hard, like an impact.)***

**The footage of Moriarty.**

MORIARTY  
Miss me?

Sherlock shoots to his feet again. Striding away towards the  
taxi.

SHERLOCK  
I'll take the cab, you two get the  
bus.

JOHN  
Why?

SHERLOCK  
I need to concentrate and I don't  
want to hit you.

We hear a car door slam. On the slam:

CUT TO:

36A

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

36A

Sherlock pacing, Mycroft pondering, phone in hand.

MYCROFT  
I met her once.

SHERLOCK  
Thatcher?

MYCROFT  
Rather arrogant, I thought.

SHERLOCK  
You thought that?

MYCROFT  
I know.  
(of the phone)  
Why am I looking at this?

(CONTINUED)

36A CONTINUED:

36A

SHERLOCK

That's her. John and Mary's baby.

MYCROFT

Oh I see. Yes. Looks very...fully functioning.

SHERLOCK

Is that the best you can do?

MYCROFT

Sorry. I've never been very good with them.

SHERLOCK

Babies?

MYCROFT

Humans.

SHERLOCK

Listen - *Moriarty*. Did he have any connection with Thatcher, any interest in her?

MYCROFT

Why on earth would he?

SHERLOCK

(Flaring)

I don't know, you tell me!

MYCROFT

(Glancing at a file)

In the last year of his life, Moriarty was involved in four political assassinations, over seventy assorted robberies and terrorist attacks, a chemical weapons factory in North Korea, and latterly showed some interest in tracking down the black pearl of the Borgias - which is still missing, by the way, in case you feel like applying yourself to something practical.

SHERLOCK

It's just a pearl, get another one. There's something important about this, I know there is.

On Sherlock's face: the watery rippling. A flash of the dead-eyed shark.

SHERLOCK

Maybe it's Moriarty, maybe it's not. But something's coming.

(CONTINUED)



36A CONTINUED: (2)

36A

MYCROFT

Are you have a *premonition*, brother  
mine?

(CONTINUED)

36A CONTINUED: (3)

36A

SHERLOCK

The world is woven from billions of lives, every strand crossing every other. What we call premonition is just the movement of the web. If you could attenuate to every quivering strand of data, the future would be entirely calculable. As inevitable as mathematics.

MYCROFT

Appointment In Samarra.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry?

MYCROFT

The Merchant who can't outrun Death. You hated that story, when you were little - less keen on pre-destination back then.

SHERLOCK

I'm not keen on it now.

MYCROFT

You wrote your own version, remember? Appointment In Sumatra. The merchant goes to a different city and he's perfectly fine.

Sherlock rolls his eyes, starts heading for the door.

SHERLOCK

Good night, Mycroft.

MYCROFT

Then he becomes a pirate, for some reason.

SHERLOCK

Keep me informed.

MYCROFT

Of what?

SHERLOCK

I've absolutely no idea.

CUT TO:

37

OMITTED

37

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

38 INT. HASSAN'S HOUSE. - NIGHT. 38

SMASH!

Net curtains flutter in the breeze from a half-opened window.

Pan across a front room with a piano in it. On the piano are the smashed remains of a plaster bust.

A familiar haughty expression. Pearl earrings.

Margaret Thatcher...

CUT TO:

39 JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT. 39

MRS HUDSON is reading in John and Mary's front room. The baby is asleep nearby.

The phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

MRS HUDSON  
(answers phone)  
Hello?

CUT TO:

39A

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

39A

MARY  
(on phone)  
Everything ok?

MRS HUDSON (O.S.)  
Yes, dear. Still ok. Just like five  
minutes ago.

MARY  
Sorry. *Sorry.*

She looks across the table at JOHN who is wearing a weary  
smile.

MARY (CONT'D)  
It's just. Sorry. Call me if...you  
know.

MRS HUDSON  
Of course.

MARY  
You alright? Plenty to occupy  
yourself?

CUT TO:

39B

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT.

39B

MRS HUDSON  
Ooh, yes. Got my sudoku. My  
knitting.

MARY (V.O.)  
Great.

MRS HUDSON  
'Fifty Shades' DVD.

MARY (V.O.)  
*O-kay...*

MRS HUDSON  
Just like the old days. I remember  
once when Frank brought home these  
blind-folds -

MARY (V.O.)  
(brightly)  
See you later!

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED: 39B

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

39C INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 39C

JOHN  
Alright?

MARY  
Think so.

She puts her phone down on the table.

John has his phone next to him too.

JOHN  
It's fine. Rosie'll be fine.

MARY  
Yes.

JOHN  
Just relax.

MARY  
I am.

Beat.

JOHN  
First proper night out. Let's enjoy  
it!

MARY  
Yes!

Beat.

John picks up *his* phone.

JOHN  
(looking at phone)  
Sorry. Just -

MARY  
All good?

JOHN  
All good. Fine.

They eat for a moment in silence.

JOHN  
Not sure about that wallpaper, you  
know. For the nursery.

MARY  
Do people still say 'nursery'?

(CONTINUED)

39C

CONTINUED:

39C

JOHN  
*I'm saying nursery.*

MARY  
*Ok. What's wrong with it? They're just clowns.*

JOHN  
*That's what I mean.*

MARY  
*Why?*

JOHN  
*Clowns are scary.*

MARY  
*Scary?*

JOHN  
*Everyone hates clowns.*

MARY  
*Clowns aren't scary.*

JOHN  
*Clowns are scary. Clowns and dolls. It's a fact.*

Mary laughs.

JOHN  
*(smiles)*  
*It's a fact.*

They eat.

MARY  
*You know...you know what I've always been afraid of?*

JOHN  
*Not clowns?*

MARY  
*(laughs)*  
*No.*

JOHN  
*No? Hard to believe. You must be made of steel.*

MARY  
*The sea.*

JOHN  
*The sea?*

(CONTINUED)

39C CONTINUED: (2)

39C

MARY  
It makes me feel funny just looking  
at it.

(CONTINUED)

39C

CONTINUED: (3)

39C

JOHN

Yeah but what about the clowns?

MARY

You know when you're in a plane looking down at the sea and it's just so...immense? Makes me shiver. Thinking of what's down there. Sometimes I think it was like that for me. On my own out there. And then, one day, I reached out and there you were. Something to cling onto.

She reaches over and squeezes John's hand.

JOHN

What's that for?

MARY

Something I've never said. Seeing as we're both exhausted, might as well say it now.

JOHN

Say what?

MARY

All that time ago, when you threw that data stick in the fire ...

*Flashback: His Last Vow.*

The memory stick goes in the fire.

MARY

I saw my past go up in flames, and you told me you never needed to know about it...

JOHN

I don't.

MARY

It's easy to say "I love you". That was meaning it.

JOHN

I never need to know who you used to be, and you never need to tell me. I don't want you to tell me.

MARY

Good.

JOHN

Yeah. Good.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)



39C CONTINUED: (4)

39C

They both glance surreptitiously at their phones.

(CONTINUED)

39C

CONTINUED: (5)

39C

JOHN  
Amazing, isn't it? Just to be  
normal for one night!

MARY  
God, yes.

JOHN  
I can't remember what sleep is.

MARY  
I know!

JOHN  
Something we used to do at the end  
of the day. Seems such a waste now!

MARY  
Yeah!

JOHN  
I mean, you can get so much more  
done! I've got through so many  
emails...

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
God, I miss it.

MARY  
(desperate)  
Me too.

JOHN  
I mean, remember having a lie in?

Sundays.

MARY

Sundays. JOHN

MARY  
Somebody asked me what my hobbies  
are. I said 'silence' and 'going to  
the loo on my own'.

JOHN  
(laughs)  
Rosie's amazing, though, isn't she?  
I mean, it's worth it. That little  
smile when she fills her nappy.

Mary laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Like she knows she's been naughty -  
They both look over at their phones.

(CONTINUED)

39C CONTINUED: (6)

39C

John sinks his glass of wine.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Shall we just get the bill?

MARY  
**YES!!**  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39C CONTINUED: (7) MARY (cont'd) 39C  
CUT TO:

40 INT. CHEAP ROOM - NIGHT. 40  
Darkness.

MALE VOICE  
*I love you.*

A pair of eyes snap open.

Dark, brown, burningly intense eyes.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Love, love, love...*

CUT TO:

40A EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY. 40A  
LESTRADE approaches the flat.

CUT TO:

40B INT. 221 BAKER STREET. STAIRS - DAY. 40B  
LESTRADE finds D.I. HOPKINS on the stairs, waiting her turn to go in.

LESTRADE  
Oh. Hi Stella.

(CONTINUED)

40B

CONTINUED:

40B

HOPKINS

Greg.

LESTRADE

You...um...(waiting)?

HOPKINS

Yeah. He's got a client.

LESTRADE

Right.

Beat.

LESTRADE

You well?

HOPKINS

Oh you know. *Busy*.

LESTRADE

Good.

Awkward beat.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

I didn't know you -

He nods towards the door.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

- knew him.

HOPKINS

Sherlock? Yeah, quite a while now.

LESTRADE

Aha.

HOPKINS

Great guy.

LESTRADE

Sure.

HOPKINS

I mean that brain! Incredible,  
really.

LESTRADE

Yeah.

HOPKINS

Imagine being that clever! I  
wish...I sometimes just sit there  
trying to beat my skull - think,  
think, *think!* And he's just like -  
*bang* - the solution - right there.

(CONTINUED)

40B CONTINUED: (2)

40B

LESTRADE  
Yeah. I know.

(CONTINUED)

40B CONTINUED: (3)

40B

Beat.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

See a...a lot of each other, do you?

HOPKINS

It's nothing...I mean, nothing *serious*.

LESTRADE

No.

HOPKINS

I come over every now and then and have a chat.

LESTRADE

Yeah, 'course.

HOPKINS

He loves a really tricky case!

LESTRADE

Yeah. He does. What you here for?

HOPKINS

Interpol think the Borgia Pearl trail leads to London.

LESTRADE

*The Borgia Pearl?* They still after that?

HOPKINS

Bet it's too boring for Sherlock.

LESTRADE

(Just slightly competitive)

Yeah, always best not to bore him.

HOPKINS

So how did you first meet him?

LESTRADE

There was a case. Ten years ago. No-one could figure it out. An old woman found dead in a sauna.

HOPKINS

How did she die?

LESTRADE

Hypothermia.

HOPKINS

*What?*

(CONTINUED)

40B CONTINUED: (4)

40B

LESTRADE

I know. But then I met Sherlock and  
it was so simple when he explained  
it -

The door flies open and Sherlock sticks his head out.

SHERLOCK

Could you two keep it down, please!

LESTRADE

Sorry!

HOPKINS

Sorry!

He slams the door. Now we'll never know!

CUT TO:

41 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY.

41

SHERLOCK returns to his client, RAY, a big man with a row of  
e-cigarettes in his top pocket.

SHERLOCK

You haven't always been in life-  
insurance, have you? You started  
out doing manual labour.

Ray opens his mouth to speak.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Ray)

Don't bother being astonished. Your  
right hand is a whole size bigger  
than your left. Hard manual work  
does that.

RAY

I was a carpenter. Like my Dad.

SHERLOCK

You're also trying to give up  
smoking. Unsuccessfully. And you  
once had a Japanese girlfriend who  
meant a lot to you but now you're  
indifferent about.

Ray gets up, startled.

RAY

How the hell - ?

He glances down at his pocket.

RAY (CONT'D)

Ah! E-cigarettes!

(CONTINUED)



41

CONTINUED:

41

SHERLOCK

Not just that. Ten *individual* e-cigarettes. Now, if you only wanted to smoke indoors you'd have invested in one of those electronic pipe things. But you're convinced you can give up. You don't want to buy the pipe because that means you're not serious about trying to quit. So instead you buy individual ones. Always sure that each one will be your last. Anything to add, John?

He turns. In the chair next to him is a balloon with a crude face drawn on it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

*John?*

JOHN (O.S.)

*Listening!*

JOHN comes in from the kitchen, carrying mugs of tea. Sherlock points at the balloon.

SHERLOCK

What's *that*?

JOHN

Me. Well, a 'me' substitute.

SHERLOCK

John. Don't be so hard on yourself. You know how I value your contributions.

JOHN

It's been there since nine o'clock this morning.

SHERLOCK

Has it? Where were you?

JOHN

Helping Mrs Hudson with her sudoku.

RAY

(interrupting)

What about my girlfriend?

SHERLOCK

What?

RAY

You said I had an ex -

SHERLOCK

That's a Japanese tattoo in the crook of your elbow.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (2)

41

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
And the name 'Akako'. It's obvious  
that you're tried to have it  
removed.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (3)

41

RAY

But surely that means I want to forget her, not that I'm indifferent?

SHERLOCK

If she'd really hurt you, you'd have made sure the name was obliterated. But the attempt wasn't very successful and you haven't tried again. So, it seems you can live with the slightly blurred memory of Akako.

(shrugs)

Hence the indifference.

Ray bursts out laughing.

RAY

I thought you'd done something clever but now you've explained it, it's dead simple, innit?

John suppresses a smile. Sherlock looks Ray up and down.

SHERLOCK

I've withheld this information from you until now, Mr Kingsley. But I think it's time you knew the truth.

RAY

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

Did you ever think your wife was a bit out of your league?

RAY

Well...

SHERLOCK

You think she may be having an affair. I'm afraid it's more serious than that. Your wife is a spy.

RAY

*What?*

SHERLOCK

You were right. Her real name is Greta Bengsdotter. Swedish by birth, and perhaps the most dangerous spy in the world. She's been operating in deep cover as your wife for the past four years for one reason only. As a means of getting close to the American Embassy which is across the road from your flat.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (4)

41

John perks up.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (5)

41

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning, the US President will be at the Embassy as part of an official visit. As the President greets the staff, Greta Bengsdotter, disguised as a twenty-two stone cleaner, will inject him in the back of the neck with a dangerous new drug hidden in a secret compartment inside her padded armpit. This drug will render the President entirely susceptible to the will of his new master - none other than James Moriarty.

RAY

*What?*

SHERLOCK

Moriarty will then use the President as a pawn to destabilise the United Nations General Assembly which is about to vote on a treaty of nuclear non-proliferation, tipping the balance in favour of a first strike policy against Russia. The chain of events will then prove unstoppable, thus precipitating World War Three.

JOHN

Are you serious?

SHERLOCK

*Of course not!* His wife left him because his breath stinks and likes to wear her lingerie.

RAY

I don't!  
(desperate)  
*Just the bras!*

SHERLOCK

Get out.

He pushes Ray through the door and slams it after him.

JOHN

So what are you up to. You were freaking out, the last time I saw you.

SHERLOCK

I'm having fun!

JOHN

Fun?

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (6)

41

SHERLOCK  
While I can.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (7)

41

The door knocks, Hopkins appearing.

HOPKINS  
Sherlock -

SHERLOCK  
Borgia pearl. Boring. Go!

HOPKINS  
But -

SHERLOCK  
GO!

Lestrade appears behind Hopkins. He's carrying a bag.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Better be good.

LESTRADE  
Oh, I think you'll like it.

Lestrade opens the bag to reveal - a smashed Thatcher bust!

JOHN  
That's the bust - the one that was broken.

LESTRADE  
No it isn't. It's another one.  
Different owner, different part of town.  
(To Sherlock)  
You were right. This is a thing - something's going on.

On Sherlock. He looks almost haunted. Faintly, we hear the watery throb of an aquarium.

LESTRADE  
What's wrong? I thought you'd be pleased.

SHERLOCK  
I am pleased.

LESTRADE  
You don't *look* pleased.

SHERLOCK  
This is my game face.  
(Takes a fragment of the bust, revolves it in his hand)  
And the game is on.

CUT TO:

42 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY.

42

SHERLOCK is examining the shattered remains of the Thatcher bust with his lens.

LESTRADE  
Another two have been smashed since  
the Welsborough one. One belonging  
to a Mr Mohandes Hassan -

JOHN  
Identical busts?

LESTRADE  
Yeah. And this one to a Dr Barnicot  
in Holborn. Three in total. God  
knows who'd do something like this.

He glances at his watch.

JOHN  
(looking at Sherlock)  
Well, some people have a complex  
like that. An *idee fixe*. They  
become obsessed with one thing and  
can't let it go.

SHERLOCK  
No..No good. There were other  
images of Margaret...Margaret...

JOHN  
You *know* who she is.

SHERLOCK  
...Thatcher...around the first  
break in. Why would a monomaniac  
pick just one? *Ah!*

JOHN  
What?

Sherlock holds up a piece of plaster between forceps.

SHERLOCK  
Blood. Quite a bit of it too. No-  
one injured at the scene of the  
crime?

LESTRADE  
No.

He looks at his watch again.

SHERLOCK  
Then the killer cut himself  
breaking the bust. Come on!

He drops the fragment into a little plastic bag and speeds  
towards the door. He takes out his phone and starts texting.

(CONTINUED)



42

CONTINUED:

42

LESTRADE  
Holborn?

SHERLOCK  
Lambeth!

LESTRADE  
Lambeth? Why?

SHERLOCK  
To see Toby.

JOHN  
Right.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Who?

SHERLOCK  
You'll see.

JOHN  
(to Lestrade)  
You coming?

SHERLOCK  
No. He's got a lunch date with a  
brunette forensics officer and he  
doesn't want to be late.

LESTRADE  
(shocked)  
Who told you?

SHERLOCK  
The right sleeve of your jacket.

Lestrade looks down. Sherlock pulls a long, dark hair from  
Lestrade's sleeve.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Plus the formaldehyde mixed in with  
your cologne and your complete  
inability to stop looking at your  
watch. Have a good time.

LESTRADE  
(put out)  
I will.

SHERLOCK  
Trust me, though. She's not right  
for you.

LESTRADE  
*What?*

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

SHERLOCK  
She's not the one.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (3)

42

LESTRADE  
Thank you, Mystic Meg.

He nods to John and stalks out.

JOHN  
How do you work that out?

SHERLOCK  
She has three children in Rio he  
doesn't know about.

JOHN  
Are you just making this up?

SHERLOCK  
Possibly.

They head for the door.

JOHN  
Who's Toby?

Sherlock smiles.

On-screen text: *Busy?*

CUT TO:

43

INT. PINCHIN LANE. LAMBETH. - DAY.

43

A den-like space, packed with computers. Fans whir to keep  
the heat down.

At the main console, a pale, geeky YOUNG MAN, tapping away at  
his keyboard with almost supernatural speed.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
There's a kid I know. Brilliant  
hacker. One of the world's best.  
Got himself into serious trouble  
with the Americans a couple of  
years ago. Hacked into the  
Pentagon's security system. I  
managed to get him off the charge.  
He owes me a favour.

Lines of dense computer algorithm reflected in the young  
man's glasses.

CUT TO:

44

EXT. PINCHIN LANE - DAY.

44

A taxi draws up outside a run-down house. SHERLOCK and JOHN  
get out.

Sherlock knocks on the door.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

JOHN  
How does that help us?

SHERLOCK  
What?

JOHN  
Toby the hacker.

SHERLOCK  
Toby's not the hacker.

JOHN  
What?

The door opens - and a huge, lolloping bloodhound piles out!  
It's all over Sherlock at once, licking and wagging.

The YOUNG MAN is framed in the door, smiling.

SHERLOCK  
Alright, Craig.

CRAIG  
Alright, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK  
Craig's got a dog.

JOHN  
So I see.

SHERLOCK  
*Toby!*

He fusses with the bloodhound.

MARY (O.S.)  
*Hi!*

Craig stands aside revealing MARY with the baby in a papoose  
on her chest!

JOHN  
Mary? What are you - ? We agreed.  
We wouldn't bring the baby out on a  
case!

MARY  
Exactly.

She hands him the papoose.

MARY  
Don't wait up. Hey Sherlock.

SHERLOCK  
Hey.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED: (2)

44

JOHN  
But why are you even here?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
(matter-of-fact)  
Oh, she's better at this than you.

JOHN  
*Better?*

SHERLOCK  
So I texted her.

JOHN  
Mary's better than me?

SHERLOCK  
She's a retired super agent with a  
terrifying skill-set. Of course  
she's better.

JOHN  
(glum)  
Ok.

SHERLOCK  
Nothing personal.

JOHN  
What, so I'm just meant to go home  
now, am I?

SHERLOCK  
Up to you.

JOHN  
Oh. So now *I'm* the third wheel.

MARY  
Well, I wouldn't say that...

JOHN  
No, no. I get it. The third wheel.

SHERLOCK  
Or the fifth if -

JOHN  
*Yes.*

Sherlock smiles.

SHERLOCK  
See? Now you get my point.

JOHN  
This is all just to prove you're  
right?

SHERLOCK  
I'm always right. The rest of the  
world just needs to catch up.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

What do you think, Sherlock? Should we take him with us?

SHERLOCK

The dog or John?

JOHN

You're funny.

MARY

John.

SHERLOCK

Well...

MARY

He's handy. And loyal.

JOHN

Hilarious.

SHERLOCK

Mm.

MARY

Though he does have a thing about clowns...

SHERLOCK

Well. I suppose that's the *good* thing about a third wheel.

MARY

What?

SHERLOCK

You can always do with a spare.

JOHN

Is it too early for a divorce?

SHERLOCK

To Barnicot's house then.

(to John and Mary)

Up for a trudge?

CUT TO:

45

EXT. HOLBORN STREET - DAY.

45

The outside of Barnicot's. There's a policeman on the door and incident tape across the entrance. Close by, a street lamp.

JOHN now has the baby in the papoose. MARY is holding Toby on a lead. There's plaster dust on the pavement. SHERLOCK is on the phone.

JOHN  
We're giving our daughter the wrong  
idea about our lifestyle.

MARY  
She won't remember a thing.

JOHN  
No?

MARY  
No, well you don't do you?

JOHN  
It's only the traumas you *do*  
remember! First time a wasp stung  
you. Nasty P.E. teachers...

MARY  
What's traumatic about this?

JOHN  
Crime scene? Blood? A great big  
horrible dog?

MARY  
Horrible? He's not horrible, are  
you Toby?

She fusses over the dog. John turns to Sherlock.

JOHN  
Why bring the bust out into the  
street?

He glances up. They're under a street lamp.

They all speak in unison --

JOHN  
It was dark.

MARY  
It was dark.

SHERLOCK  
It was dark.

(CONTINUED)



45

CONTINUED:

45

JOHN

Same as the security light at the  
Welsborough's house. He needed  
light.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (2)

45

Sherlock's now holding the plaster fragments under the dog's nose.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Come on Toby! Come on!

Toby the dog sniffs at the pavement and suddenly -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
We're off!

Mary can barely restrain him on his lead.

Sherlock follows.

John runs behind with the baby in her papoose. He laughs.  
He's having a ball!

The baby gurgles in delight.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY.

46

They all run on...

SHERLOCK  
Well? What do you make of it?

JOHN  
Dr Barnicot must've disturbed the  
burglar. So he went out into the  
street -

SHERLOCK  
But it wasn't a burglar. They came  
specifically for that Thatcher  
bust. *Why?*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46  
...and on...

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY. 47  
...and on...

MARY  
They were looking for something?  
Inside it?

JOHN  
Hence the street light.

SHERLOCK  
Exactly!

At last, Toby pulls up outside a building. Sits and wags his tail.

The building's entrance is a curtain of plastic strips.

SHERLOCK looks at JOHN and MARY, then pushes the curtain aside and enters.

CUT TO:

48 INT. MEAT MARKET - DAY. 48

Chaos. White-coated meat packers teem everywhere, hoisting huge carcasses over their shoulders.

The floor of the vast market is awash with sawdust and blood.

SHERLOCK  
Clever.

MARY  
If you were wounded and knew you  
were leaving a trail, where would  
you go?

JOHN  
Like hiding a tree in a forest.

SHERLOCK  
Or blood in a butcher's...

He fusses over Toby.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Never mind, Toby. Better luck next  
time.

Toby looks sad.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

Sherlock turns over the fragments of the broken Thatcher bust in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
This is it, though. This is the  
one. I can feel it.

JOHN  
Moriarty?

SHERLOCK  
Has to be! It's too bizarre. Too  
baroque. It's designed to beguile  
me. Tease me. Lure me in.  
(smiles)  
At last!

MARY  
At last what?

SHERLOCK  
A noose for me to put my neck into!

CUT TO:

49

OMITTED

49

50

OMITTED

50

51

OMITTED

51

52

OMITTED

52

53

INT. HARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

53

CLOSE on two Thatcher busts.

With great ferocity, a hammer smashes into one, then the  
other.

Gloved hands scrabble about in the dusty remains, searching,  
searching, searching.

CUT TO:

53A

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

53A

JOHN and MARY are in bed, they talk sleepily.

MARY  
Should've seen the state of the  
front room before. It was like 'The  
Exorcist'.

JOHN  
Was Rosie's head spinning round?

(CONTINUED)

53A

CONTINUED:

53A

MARY

Just the projectile vomiting.

JOHN

Oh nice.

MARY

You'd think we'd have noticed. When she was born.

JOHN

Noticed what?

MARY

The little 666 tattooed on her forehead.

JOHN

That's 'The Omen'.

MARY

So?

JOHN

You said it was like 'The Exorcist'. You can't have them both. She can't be the Antichrist and the Devil.

The baby starts **screaming** in the next room.

MARY

(sighs)

Can't she?

She throws back the duvet and shuffles towards the door.

MARY (CONT'D)

Coming, darling. I'm coming...

John lies there a moment, staring at the ceiling. Then his phone pings. He glances over to where it lies on the bedside table.

CUT TO:

54

INT. PINCHIN LANE. LAMBETH - DAY.

54

SHERLOCK is with CRAIG, the hacker.

Toby the dog lolls and yawns close by.

Craig is scrolling through masses of data.

CRAIG

You heard of that *thing*? In Germany?

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

SHERLOCK  
You'll have to be more specific,  
Craig.

CRAIG  
'Ostalgie'. People who miss the old  
days under the communists. People  
are weird, aren't they?

He taps at his computer keyboard.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
'Ccording to this, there's quite a  
market for Cold War memorabilia.  
Thatcher, Reagan, Stalin. Time's a  
great leveller, innit? Thatcher's  
like, I dunno, Napoleon now.  
Iconic.

SHERLOCK  
Yes. Fascinating. Irrelevant. Where  
exactly did they come from?

CRAIG  
I've got into the records of the  
suppliers. Gelder and Co. Seems  
they're from Georgia.

SHERLOCK  
Where *exactly*?

CRAIG  
Tbilisi.

Sherlock frowns. Something rings a bell...

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Batch of six. One to Welsborough.  
One to Hassan. One to Dr Barnicot.  
Two to Miss Orrie Harker. And one  
to a Mr Jack Sandeford  
of...Reading.

Sherlock's phone rings.

SHERLOCK  
(answering)  
Lestrade? Another one?

CUT TO:

55

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY.

55

LESTRADE  
(on phone)  
Yeah.

SHERLOCK  
Harker or Sandeford?

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

Lestrade frowns. *How the hell...?*

LESTRADE

Harker. And it's murder this time.

SHERLOCK

Oh! Well that perks things up a bit, doesn't it?

CUT TO:

56

INT. TAXI - DAY.

56

SHERLOCK speeds to the crime scene. He's scrolling through his phone.

On-screen:

'BLACK PEARL MYSTERY'.

'LEGENDARY GEM STOLEN FROM GEORGIAN VAULT'.

He smiles, smugly.

CUT TO:

57

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY.

57

The corpse of a middle-aged woman, surrounded by incident tape.

LESTRADE

Defensive wounds on the hands and face. Throat cut. Sharp blade.

SHERLOCK

Same thing inside the house? The bust?

LESTRADE

Two of 'em this time.

SHERLOCK

Interesting! That batch of statues was made a few years ago in Tbilisi. Limited edition of six.

LESTRADE

And now someone's wandering about, destroying them all. Makes no sense, what's the point?

SHERLOCK

(New thought)

No! He's not destroying them, that's not what's happening at all!

(CONTINUED)



57

CONTINUED:

57

LESTRADE  
Yes, it is.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED: (2)

57

SHERLOCK

Okay, yes it is, but it's not the point. Oh, I've been slow! I've been *far too slow!*

LESTRADE

Well, still being slow over here, so if you wouldn't mind -

SHERLOCK

Slow but lucky too, very lucky. And since he smashed both busts, our luck might just be holding. Jack Sandeford of Reading, that's where we're going. Congratulations, by the way.

LESTRADE

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

You're about solve a big one!

LESTRADE

... yeah, till John publishes his blog.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, till then, basically.

CUT TO:

58

EXT. SANDEFORD HOUSE - NIGHT.

58

A very swish, modern home.

CUT TO:

59                    INT. SANDEFORD HOUSE. BREAKFAST BAR - NIGHT.                    59

CLOSE on a plaster bust of Margaret Thatcher - intact.

It's in a display case amongst photos and golf trophies, one of them labelled 'J.SANDEFORD. WINNER'.

The display case is in a stylish breakfast bar area adjacent to a swimming pool and spa, visible through large interior windows.

CUT TO:

59A                    INT. SANDEFORD HOUSE. SPA - NIGHT.                    59A

JACK SANDEFORD is sitting in the jacuzzi, water bubbling up beneath him. He floats happily.

Whale song drifts from a panel of controls in the wall.

Close by, his DAUGHTER is in the pool.

Sandeford looks at his watch.

                         SANDEFORD  
                         That's enough for now, love.

The girl groans.

                         SANDEFORD  
                         Daddy has things to do, I'm afraid.  
                         And you need to get to bed. Come  
                         on!

He swipes his hand in front of another sensor and the jacuzzi switches off.

His daughter takes his hand and they pad from the pool.

                         SANDEFORD  
                         Come on.

Sandeford swipes another sensor and the whale song and the main lights go out.

The pool lights and a few other soft lamps remain on.

In the shadows, a familiar silhouette. SHERLOCK.

The wall clock reads 7pm.

It transitions to 7.30...8pm...9...10...

The subdued light from the swimming pool reflects off the ceiling.

Suddenly, a soft click and a concealed door opens a fraction. A sliver of light shows through the gap.

(CONTINUED)

59A CONTINUED:

59A

Swiftly, someone slips inside the breakfast bar.

(CONTINUED)

59A CONTINUED: (2)

59A

They pad through the darkened chamber towards the display case

CUT TO:

60 INT. SANDEFORD HOUSE. BREAKFAST BAR - NIGHT

60

In the light from the door, the features of the Thatcher bust are thrown into stark relief.

The INTRUDER grabs it and stuffs it into a hold-all.

Then the main light clicks on, revealing SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK  
You know, it's much more sensible  
to take out your grievances at the  
polling station...

The Intruder turns round. A slim, hooded man in black, one hand heavily bandaged. He pulls out a gun but Sherlock lashes out with his foot and the gun goes clattering across the floor.

With a roar, the Intruder leaps on top of Sherlock.

They fight viciously until they both tumble through one of the interior windows --

*SMASH!!*

-- and into -

CUT TO:

61

INT. HOTEL. SPA - NIGHT.

61

-- out into the spa.

SHERLOCK punches the INTRUDER in the face. The hold-all goes flying into the corner.

CLOSE on the stern features of Thatcher peeking out through the zip.

The Intruder grabs Sherlock by the hair and hurls him against the wall - and the controls.

Suddenly, incongruous muzak begins to play.

Pan pipes. Whale song!

Each trill and plaintive note accompanies a smash in the guts as Sherlock and the Intruder battle it out in a seething ball of fists and violence! Sherlock manages to remove the Intruder's mask.

A handsome Indian man is revealed. He has a vivid scar down one side of his face.

We recognise him as AJAY from the pre-titles Embassy siege.

SHERLOCK  
You were on the run. Nowhere to  
hide your precious cargo.

Ajay lashes out. Sherlock dodges.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
And you find yourself in a workshop  
- plaster busts of the Iron Lady,  
still drying. Oh, clever, very  
clever.

Ajay momentarily lowers his fists.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
But now you've met me and you're  
not so clever, are you?

AJAY  
Who are you?

SHERLOCK  
My name is Sherlock Holmes.

Ajay considers this. Cocks his head.

AJAY  
Goodbye, Sherlock Holmes.

Suddenly, he rushes Sherlock sending him careering into the plunge jacuzzi.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

They grapple fiercely. Gradually, Ajay forces Sherlock's head down so it's only an inch above the water. He glances to his side where there sensor is set in the tiles.

Ajay slashes his hand in front of the sensor.

At once, water begins to bubble up, splashing into Sherlock's face, like water-boarding.

Sherlock gasps and chokes as the jacuzzi erupts in his face, overwhelming his mouth and nose.

Ajay's iron grip tightens and Sherlock's head goes under the water.

Sherlock struggles desperately - but he's losing. He's going to drown!

But then he rises like Poseidon and slams Ajay backwards and into the main pool.

They fight doggedly on, weighed down by their soaking clothes.

Suddenly, Sherlock spots another of the photo-electric cells in the pool wall.

He slashes his hand in front of the sensor and suddenly a waterfall thunders down from a spout above their heads, thudding onto Ajay and knocking him flat!

Sherlock staggers from the pool and races towards the hold-all.

Ajay drags himself from the water and gets the gun from where it landed in the corner.

He turns and aims at Sherlock.

Sherlock grabs the Thatcher bust and holds it out in front of him.

Police sirens sound, very close.

SHERLOCK  
You're out of time. So, tell me.  
Moriarty. Working for him, yeah?

AJAY  
Who?

SHERLOCK  
I know he's behind this. He must  
be.

Ajay slowly shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

AJAY  
(mirthless laugh)  
You think you understand. You  
understand nothing.

(CONTINUED)



61

CONTINUED: (3)

61

Sherlock registers this. Doesn't like it.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED: (4)

61

SHERLOCK

Well, before the police come in and  
spoil things, why don't we just  
enjoy the moment? You wanted this  
so badly? Here -

He smashes the bust against the wall. It shatters into  
pieces.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

- let me present Interpol's number  
one case. Too tough for them, too  
boring for me. The Black Pearl of  
the Borgias!

He glances down at the debris.

But there's no pearl inside. There's something else.

***A memory stick.***

No! No! ***NO!!***

An intact memory stick bearing the initials **A.G.R.A.**

ECU Sherlock: *what???*

He picks it out from the plaster fragments.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sotto)

*That's not possible. How could  
she...?*

Ajay's ears immediately prick up.

AJAY

"She?"

SHERLOCK

... I don't understand.

AJAY

You know her? You do, don't you?  
You know the *bitch*?

Still reeling, Sherlock looks up.

AJAY

She betrayed me. Betrayed us all.

SHERLOCK

... Mary? This is about *Mary??*

On a loudhailer form outside:

LESTRADE (V.O.)

Police! You're surrounded!

Ajay looks wildly round.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED: (5)

61

AJAY

Give it to me! Give it to me or I  
will shoot you.

Sherlock doesn't move. Still looks dazed.

Red laser dots spear the windows and hover over Ajay.

He keeps the gun levelled at Sherlock and backs towards the exit.

AJAY

Nobody shoot at me. Anyone shoots,  
I kill this man.

Lestrade's voice, ringing out.

LESTRADE (V.O.)

No one is going to get shot. Just  
lay down your weapon.

AJAY

I am leaving this place. If no one  
follows me, no one dies.

LESTRADE (V.O.)

You are surrounded.

AJAY

You are policemen. I'm a  
professional.

(To Sherlock)

Tell her she is a dead woman! She  
is a dead woman walking!

SHERLOCK

She is my friend, and she is under  
my protection. Who are you?

AJAY

I'm the man who's going to kill  
your friend. Who is Sherlock  
Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Not a policeman.

A beat -

- then Ajay fires at the control panel. All the lights go  
out. And in that heartbeat he is gone.

Shouted cries and running footsteps outside.

FADE TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT.

SHERLOCK sits, brooding. He holds the memory stick in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens, revealing a tired-looking LESTRADE.

SHERLOCK

Well?

Lestrade shakes his head.

Sherlock sighs.

LESTRADE

He can't get far, we'll have him in  
a bit.

SHERLOCK

I very much doubt it.

LESTRADE

Why?

SHERLOCK

Because I think he used to work  
with Mary.

He stares down at the memory stick.

Then he gets out his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUT TO:

62 OMITTED 62

63 INT. CHEAP ROOM - NIGHT. 63

A cheap, rented room. Wallpaper peeling like loose skin. A damp-looking bed on which sits AJAY.

He's on-line, eyes blazing with fury, googling 'Sherlock Holmes'.

He takes a plug from a bottle of whiskey.

Images start to flash on the screen. The Deerstalker shot. Lots of pap photos.

And suddenly, a stray picture from John and Mary's wedding.

On Ajay's hands. He freezes.

Closes his eyes.

Remembers.

He gets up and *runs* into --

CUT TO:

64

INT. GEORGIAN WAREHOUSE - DAY.

64

-- a big warehouse, stacked full of plaster busts - Stalin, Lenin, Brezhnev, Churchill etc.

**Physical flashback.**

An OLD RUSSIAN man with an ash-heavy cigarette is arranging a fresh batch of busts from their casts. They are, of course, the six Thatchers.

He looks up as AJAY races towards him.

Ajay knocks him out with ruthless efficiency.

Outside, the shouts of his pursuers.

Ajay looks around desperately. He takes his A.G.R.A. memory stick from a chain round his neck and holds it in his shaking hand.

Then he spots the Thatcher busts and an idea springs into his head.

Swiftly he grabs the nearest one, carves a hole in the base of the still-wet plaster and then smooths it over.

He places the bust back on the shelf just as the doors open again and he's surrounded by gun-wielding MEN. The lead one, a big bastard, smiles. It's GOLD TEETH from the Embassy. He lifts the butt of his gun and brings it down - *crash* - onto Ajay's head.

Ajay drops to the floor and rolls into --

CUT TO:

65

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY.

65

-- a bleak cell, plastered walls crumbling. Shafts of cold, dusty sunlight pour through the barred windows.

AJAY is roped to a chair. His face is bruised and bleeding.

GOLD TEETH stands over him. Another GUARD stands in the corner, grinning.

Ajay cries out in agony as Gold Teeth works on him.

GOLD TEETH  
I love you.

He laughs.

GOLD TEETH (CONT'D)  
Love, love, love.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

Then Ajay's head slumps forward.

(CONTINUED)



65

CONTINUED: (2)

65

GUARD  
Passed out again. It's no fun when  
they pass out.

He nods towards the door.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
We'll come back later.

The Torturer gathers his things. Horrible, glittering steel  
instruments.

GOLD TEETH  
What would he do if he knew, huh?  
About the Englishwoman?

The Guard grins.

GUARD  
What would you do to a traitor?  
Maybe we'll tell him one day. If he  
lives that long.

Gold Teeth laughs. They go out, locking the heavy metal door  
after them.

Ajay opens his swollen eyes and lifts his head from his  
chest.

He was listening.

He gets out of the chair and walks back into --

CUT TO:

66

INT. CHEAP ROOM - NIGHT.

66

-- the cheap hotel room.

**Back to present day.**

AJAY takes another slug from the bottle.

He stares down at the wedding photo on the computer.

Stares at Mary...

CUT TO:

66A

OMITTED

66A

(CONTINUED)

66A CONTINUED: 66A

66B OMITTED 66B

67 EXT. HAMPSTEAD CEMETERY - NIGHT.

67

The splendidly ruined Gothic splendour of an old London cemetery lit by a torch beam.

Someone walks past the crumbling pillars and angels. Ivy-covered graves moulder in the silence.

They part a clump of brambles, revealing the entrance to a tumbledown tomb.

The newcomer pushes at the rusted metal door and enters the vault.

CUT TO:

68 INT. 'LEANING TOMB' - NIGHT.

68

The inside of the tomb leans at an absurd angle, like a fun-house.

In the centre, a bronze figure is half-submerged in the floor. In the shadows, broken chairs, ancient wreaths, rotted flowers, long-forgotten coffins.

The visitor comes in. It's MARY.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
I'm an idiot. I know nothing.

SHERLOCK steps from the shadows.

MARY  
I've been telling you that for ages. That was quite a text you sent. What the hell's going on, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK  
I was so obsessed with Moriarty, I couldn't see what was right under my nose.

He holds out the memory stick.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I expected a pearl.

Mary rushes towards him, grabs the stick from his hand.

MARY  
That's - but that's -

SHERLOCK  
An A.G.R.A memory stick, yes. Like the one you gave John. So this must be another. Whose?

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

MARY

I don't know. We all had one. But  
the others are -  
Haven't you looked at what's on it?

SHERLOCK

I glanced at it. I'd prefer to hear  
to from you.

Beat.

MARY

There were four of us.

SHERLOCK

Agents.

MARY

That's the polite term.  
Alex, Gabriel, me and Ajay.  
A.G.R.A.

SHERLOCK

You were good?

MARY

No.

A look from Sherlock.

MARY (CONT'D)

We were the *best*.

Beat.

MARY (CONT'D)

There was absolute trust between  
us. The memory sticks guaranteed  
it.

SHERLOCK

How?

MARY

We all had one. Each containing all  
our aliases, background,  
everything. We could never be  
betrayed because we had everything  
we needed to destroy the other.

SHERLOCK

And who did you work for?

MARY

Anyone who paid well. We were at  
the top of our game for years. Then  
it all ended. There was a coup in  
Georgia. Short-lived. The British  
Embassy in Tblisi was taken over.  
Lots of hostages.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (2)

68

MARY (cont'd)

The call came through for us to go in and get them out. Then there was a change of plan. A last minute adjustment.

SHERLOCK

Who from?

MARY

(shrugs)

Just another voice on the end of the phone. And a code word. "Ammo".

SHERLOCK

"Ammo"?

MARY

(shrugs)

Like ammunition. We went in but... something went wrong. Very wrong.

She turns and the greenhouse wall has gone. Instead, it's flooded with wintry sunlight --

CUT TO:

69

INT. GEORGIAN EMBASSY. CORRIDOR - DAY.

69

**Physical flashback.**

As before, MARY and the others - completely surrounded.

AJAY

What now? What do we do?

MARY

We die.

She cocks her gun.

MARY (V.O.)

But we didn't.

A smoke bomb explodes. Mary fires the gun over the heads of the assembled and there's instant anarchy.

Bullets fly everywhere.

GABRIEL is cut down before her.

ALEX is grabbed and hurled to the ground.

There's no sign of AJAY.

Somehow, through the smoke and chaos, Mary makes her escape, vaulting over the staircase --

CUT TO:

70

INT. 'LEANING TOMB' - NIGHT.

70

-- back into the tomb.

**Back to present day.**

MARY

Six years ago. Feels like forever.  
I was the only one who made it out.

SHERLOCK

No.

MARY

What?

She looks levelly at Sherlock. He plugs the memory stick into a laptop on the bronze effigy.

SHERLOCK

I met someone tonight. The someone  
who's been after the sixth  
Thatcher.

On the screen, data scrolls past. Details of missions after mission, aliases, photos of Mary and her colleagues in different guises.

Sherlock pauses the image.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

This is him.

Mary's eyes widen.

MARY

Ajay! That's Ajay. *He's alive?*

SHERLOCK

Very much so.

MARY

(gabbling)

I can't believe it! That's amazing.  
I thought I was the only one. The  
only one left. Where is he now? I  
have to see him -

SHERLOCK

You kept the memory sticks safe,  
presumably?

MARY

Of course. It was our insurance.  
Each memory stick had to be well-  
hidden. Above all else, they were  
never to be carried personally.  
That's what we agreed. Except...

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

SHERLOCK  
Except?

CUT TO:

71

INT. GEORGIAN EMBASSY. GREAT HALL - DAY.

71

*Flashback.*

We see distinctive chain which hangs on a chain round AJAY's neck. On it, the memory stick.

MARY (V.O.)  
Ajay was always his own man.

CUT TO:

72

INT. 'LEANING TOMB' - NIGHT.

72

MARY  
I told him over and over not to  
carry it about with him. Too risky.

SHERLOCK  
So Ajay survived as well. And now  
he's trying to find the memory  
stick that he managed to hide away.  
With all of A.G.R.A's old aliases  
on it. *Why?*

MARY  
I don't know.

SHERLOCK  
Six years since Tbilisi. Where's he  
been?

Mary shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to say this, Mary. But he  
wants you dead.

MARY  
But...but we were like family.

SHERLOCK  
(bleakly)  
Families fall out. The memory stick  
is the best way to track you down.  
You're the only other survivor. It  
must be you he wants. And he's  
already killed once to find the  
Thatcher bust.

MARY  
He just wants to find me! He  
survived! That's all that matters.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

SHERLOCK

I heard it from his own mouth.  
"Tell her she's a dead woman  
walking."

MARY

Why would he want to kill me?

SHERLOCK

He said you'd betrayed him.

MARY

What? That's insane.

SHERLOCK

It's what he believes.

Mary sinks into a chair. Sighs.

MARY

I suppose I've always been afraid  
this might happen. Something from  
my past would come back to haunt  
me.

SHERLOCK

Well, he's a very tangible ghost.

Beat.

MARY

All I wanted was peace. I thought  
I'd found it.

SHERLOCK

You have, Mary. I made a vow,  
remember? To look after the three  
of you.

MARY

(smiles)

Sherlock the dragon-slayer.

SHERLOCK

You stay with me and I'll keep you  
safe from him. I promise you.

Mary takes something from her pocket.

MARY

You'd better read this first.

SHERLOCK

What is it?

MARY

It explains a lot.

She hands a square of paper to Sherlock with her gloved hand.

(CONTINUED)



72

CONTINUED: (2)

72

MARY (CONT'D)

Hoped I'd never have to use it.

Sherlock takes it. Opens it.

It's blank.

SHERLOCK

What're you - ?

His face falls. He sniffs his fingers.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Mary! NO!!

He stumbles to his knees.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK'S POV:

The room flares, distorts. MARY grabs him, lowering him gently to the floor.

MARY

I'm sorry, Sherlock. It's best this way. Believe me. Look after them till I'm back. Please.

She takes the memory stick from his hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Sherlock slides into unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

73

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY.

73

An idyllic summer's day.

The air shimmering.

THREE CHILDREN playing by a riverbank.

We see only flashes of their legs, hands, splashing water.

Now a big, bouncy Red Setter bounds past.

One of the children chases it, laughing. We briefly see he is wearing...a skull and crossbones hat...

CUT TO:

74                    INT. 'LEANING TOMB' - NIGHT.                    74

SHERLOCK wakes with a start. He scrambles to his feet and races out of the tomb...

CUT TO:

75                    INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY.                    75

Amongst the hordes of tourists in the busy Heathrow concourse is a large, blousy-looking AMERICAN WOMAN in a sun hat and sunglasses.

She heads for the check-in.

MARY (V.O.)  
"My darling. I need to tell you  
this because you mustn't hate me  
for going away..."

CUT TO:

76                    INT. PLANE - DAY.                    76

The AMERICAN WOMAN is sitting next to a long-suffering British PASSENGER. The plane is mid-flight.

AMERICAN WOMAN  
I can hear a squeaking. Can you  
hear a squeaking?

PASSENGER  
No.

AMERICAN WOMAN  
I saw a documentary on the  
'Discovery' Channel. "Why planes  
fail". You see it?

PASSENGER  
Can't say I did.

AMERICAN WOMAN  
Terrifying! Swore I'd never fly  
again. But here I am!

A STEWARDESS walks by.

STEWARDESS  
Everything ok, Madam?

AMERICAN WOMAN  
No. No, it is not! But where's the  
use in complaining? I can hear a  
squeaking. Probably the wings'll  
come off, is all.

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

76

STEWARDESS

Everything's fine, Madam. I promise you. Just relax.

AMERICAN WOMAN

Relax! Huh!

PASSENGER

Did you have a nice time? In London?

AMERICAN WOMAN

(shrugs)

Ok, I guess. But did somebody hide the sun? Did you lose it in the War?

She brays with laughter.

It is, of course, MARY.

CUT TO:

77

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT.

77

CLOSE on JOHN reading Mary's letter.

MARY (V.O.)

"I gave myself permission to have an ordinary life..."

CUT TO:

Dice being rolled. A three and a six...

78

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT.

78

JOHN is still reading.

MARY (V.O.)

"I'm not running away. I promise you that. I just need to do this in my own way..."

CUT TO:

79

INT. PLANE - DAY.

79

MARY, as the AMERICAN WOMAN, is gripping onto the arm of the PASSENGER.

AMERICAN WOMAN

Oh God. Oh God, I don't feel so good. Oh...

She puts her head down.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

The Passenger urgently presses the button to summon the Stewardess.

STEWARDESS  
Everything ok, Madam?

AMERICAN WOMAN  
Help me. Help me, please. I think  
I'm dying here...

CUT TO:

80

INT. FOREIGN AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY.

80

The AMERICAN WOMAN, in a wheelchair, is being pushed through 'Arrivals'. She's all bundled up in hat and sunglasses.

The STEWARDESS is pushing the wheelchair.

But, as we pan up we realise - MARY is now the Stewardess and the Stewardess is dressed up as the American Woman.

Mary smiles to herself.

MARY (V.O.)  
"But I don't want you and Sherlock  
hanging off my gun arm. Sorry, my  
love..."

CUT TO:

81

EXT. SCANDINAVIAN VILLAGE - DAY.

81

A boat chugs into a harbour. Sweden? Denmark? Wales? (Let's say Wales).

MARY jumps off it, a rucksack on her back.

She gives a thumbs up to the boatman and the boat pulls away.

MARY (V.O.)  
"I know you'll try to find me but  
there's no point. Not even Sherlock  
can manage this. Every move I make  
will be entirely random..."

CUT TO:

MARY's hand rolling the set of dice. A three and a five...

CUT TO:

MARY is climbing a ladder. She enters --

CUT TO:

82                    INT. BRICK TUNNEL - DAY.                    82

-- a rotting brick tunnel.

She pulls out a brick. There's a thick, plain brown envelope in the gap.

She opens it with quick efficiency.

In the envelope - a Canadian passport and a set of keys.

Mary flicks open the passport. There's a photo of her, longer, dark-hair. Voluptuous red mouth.

CUT TO:

83                    EXT. HARBOUR - NIGHT.                    83

MARY - now looking just like her new passport photo - is in biker's leathers. Coolly, she makes her way to a small car park. There's a motorbike there. She starts the ignition, clambers aboard and roars off.

MARY (V.O.)  
 "I need to move the target far, far  
 away from you and Rosie. And then  
 I'll come back, darling. I swear I  
 will..."

CUT TO:

84               EXT. SEA - NIGHT.    84

A small trawler is chugging its way across the sea. At the stern a suitably grizzled CAPTAIN, sucking greedily on a cigarette. The red glow is almost all we can see.

At the prow of the shop, a figure bundled up against the cold.

Hood up, no make up - it's MARY with yet another look. Her expression is unreadable.

CUT TO:

Another throw of the dice. Six and six...

CUT TO:

85 OMITTED 85

86 OMITTED 86

87 EXT. SOUK. MOROCCO - DAY.

87

A busy, filthy, colourful Moroccan souk. It's teeming with people. Tourist, traders.

In the dusty sunlight we find MARY - different again - making her way through the snaking passages. She bats away beggars and salesmen.

She's using her phone to find an address.

MARY (V.O.)  
So until we meet again, John.  
Please try to forgive me and know  
that I'm always -  
- your loving - Mary."

She finds what's she's looking for. A crumbling, down at heel hotel.

CUT TO:

87A INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT.

87A

JOHN puts down the letter. Thinks.

CUT TO:

88 INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL ROOM - DAY.

88

MARY wearily lets herself into her hotel room.

A fan whirs overhead. Light beams through shuttered windows.

Mary stiffens. There's a sound from the bedroom.

No, not just a sound. Chatter. *Laughter.*

She takes out her gun with professional ease and moves stealthily towards the bedroom. She eases open the latticed door to reveal --

CUT TO:

89 INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL. BEDROOM - DAY.

89

SHERLOCK! He's playing cards with an Arab boy - KARIM.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

SHERLOCK  
Mr Bun the Baker! That's the set!

KARIM  
No it is not!

SHERLOCK  
Who am I missing?

KARIM  
Master Bun! It is not a set without him. How many more times, Mr Sherlock!?

SHERLOCK  
Hmm. Perhaps it's because I'm not familiar with the concept -

He looks up.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
- oh hi, Mary.

KARIM  
What concept?

SHERLOCK  
Happy families.

He turns and beams at Mary.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Nice trip?

Mary lowers the gun.

MARY  
How the f -

SHERLOCK  
*Please.* Mary. There's a child present.

MARY  
How did you get in here?

SHERLOCK  
Karim let us in.

KARIM  
*Hello!*

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (2)

89

SHERLOCK  
Karim, would you be so kind as to  
fetch us some tea?

KARIM  
Sure.

He hops down from his chair and goes out.

KARIM (CONT'D)  
Nice to meet you, missus.

MARY  
No, I mean how did you find me?

SHERLOCK  
I'm Sherlock Holmes.

MARY  
No - but really. *How?*

Sherlock turns his chair round.

Behind him the wall has gone. In its place --

CUT TO:

90

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY.

90

-- Mycroft's office.

**Physical flashback.**

SHERLOCK walks in and sits opposite MYCROFT in his concrete bunker.

MYCROFT  
Agra?  
(thinks)  
A city on the banks of the river  
Yamuna in the northern state of  
Uttar Pradesh, India. It is 378  
kilometres west of the state  
capital, Lucknow --

SHERLOCK  
What are you? Wikipedia?

MYCROFT  
(stating the obvious)  
Yes.

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
A.G.R.A is an acronym.

(CONTINUED)



90

CONTINUED:

90

MYCROFT

Oh good! I love an acronym. All the best secret societies have them.

SHERLOCK

They were a team of agents. The best. But you know all this.

MYCROFT

Of course I do. Go on.

SHERLOCK

One of them - Ajay - is out to find Mary. She was one of the team.

MYCROFT

Indeed? Well, that's news to me.

SHERLOCK

Is it?

Mycroft gives him a look. *'Really?'*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

He's already killed to find that memory stick. A.G.R.A worked for the highest bidder. I assume that included you?

MYCROFT

Me?

SHERLOCK

I mean the British Government. And whatever other governments you're currently propping up.

Beat.

MYCROFT

A.G.R.A. were very reliable. Then there was the Tbilisi incident. They were sent in to free the hostages but it all went horribly wrong. And that was that. We stopped using free-lancers.

SHERLOCK

Your initiative?

MYCROFT

My initiative. Free-lancers are too woolly. Too messy. I don't want loose ends. Not on my watch.

SHERLOCK

There was something else. For the Tbilisi mission only. A code-word.

He writes it down. *"Ammo"*.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED: (2)

90

MYCROFT

Ammo?

SHERLOCK

(shrugs)

That's all I have.

MYCROFT

Little enough.

SHERLOCK

Do a little digging, will you? As a favour?

MYCROFT

You don't have many favours left.

SHERLOCK

Then I'm calling them all in.

Beat.

MYCROFT

You're confident you can track down Mary Watson?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

MYCROFT

And if you can find whoever's after her and neutralise them, what then? You think you can keep saving her forever?

SHERLOCK

Of course.

MYCROFT

Is that sentiment talking?

SHERLOCK

No. It's me.

MYCROFT

Difficult to tell the difference these days.

SHERLOCK

I told you. I made a promise. A vow.

MYCROFT

Alright. I'll see what I can do.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED: (3)

90

MYCROFT (CONT'D)  
But remember this, brother mine.  
Agents like Mary don't tend to  
reach retirement age.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (4) 90

MYCROFT (CONT'D)  
They get retired. In a pretty  
permanent sort of way.

SHERLOCK  
(grimly)  
Not on my watch.

He gets up and walks back into --

CUT TO:

91 INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL ROOM - DAY. 91

-- the hotel room.

**Back to present day.**

MARY  
But that doesn't explain how you  
found me! Every move I made was  
entirely random. Every new  
personality. Just the throw of the  
dice.

SHERLOCK  
Oh, Mary. No human action is ever  
truly random. An advanced grasp of  
the mathematics of probability,  
mapped on to a thorough  
apprehension of human psychology  
and the known dispositions of any  
given individual, can reduce the  
variables considerably. I know of  
at least fifty eight techniques to  
refine a seemingly infinite array  
of randomly generated  
possibilities, down to the smallest  
number of feasible variables.  
(A beat)  
But they're all really difficult,  
so instead I just stuck a tracer  
inside the memory stick.

A beat -

- and Sherlock bursts out laughing. Can't hold it in any  
longer.

MARY  
You bastard!

SHERLOCK  
I know. Your face!

MARY  
"The mathematics of probability".

SHERLOCK  
You totally listened to that.

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

MARY  
"Feasible variables."

SHERLOCK  
Yeah, I was starting to run out  
then.

MARY  
In the *memory stick*??

JOHN (O.S.)  
That was my idea.

Mary turns. JOHN is framed in the doorway.

CUT TO:

91aA

EXT. SOUK - NIGHT.

91aA

Outside the hotel, night falls...

CUT TO:

91A

INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

91A

MARY and JOHN are sitting together. Sherlock is out of the  
room.

John looks steadily at Mary.

JOHN  
A.G.R.A.

MARY  
Yes.

JOHN  
You told me they were your  
initials.

MARY  
In a way that was true.

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED:

91A

JOHN  
(weary)  
In a way...

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
So many lies.

MARY  
I'm so sorry.

JOHN  
I don't just mean you.

MARY  
What?

JOHN  
(over)  
Alex, Gabriel and Ajay. So  
you're...you're 'R'?

Mary nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(getting it)  
Rosamund.

MARY  
Rosamund Mary. And I've always  
liked Mary.

John manages a pained smile.

JOHN  
Me too.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I used to.

MARY  
I just didn't know what else to do.

JOHN  
You could have stayed. Talked to  
me. That's what couples are  
supposed to do.  
(almost to himself)  
Work things through.

MARY  
Yes. Yes, of course.

JOHN  
I'm...I'm not a very good man,  
Mary. But I think I might be a bit  
better than you give me credit for.

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED: (2)

91A

Beat.

JOHN  
Most of the time.

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED: (3)

91A

MARY

All the time. You're always a good man. And I've never doubted it.

Real pain in John's eyes.

JOHN

Why?

MARY

You never judge. You never complain. I don't deserve you.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

(kindly)

I swear I'll keep my vow, Mary.

Mary turns, Sherlock is in the doorway.

SHERLOCK

But in London. I know my turf. My city.

He comes into the room, closing the latticed door behind him.

SHERLOCK

Come home and everything will be alright. I promise you.

Mary nods. Takes John's hands.

Suddenly, a tiny red laser dot appears on her forehead!

SHERLOCK

*Get down!!*

Sherlock hurls himself at her and they roll across the floor just as the door explodes into shards.

*Thup!*

*Thup!*

*Thup!*

Bullets slap into the wall.

John up-ends the table and the three of them crouch behind it.

The door is kicked open. AJAY is briefly silhouetted in the doorway. Then he rolls over into the room, brandishing two guns.

AJAY

Hello again.

MARY

Ajay!

(CONTINUED)



91A CONTINUED: (4)

91A

AJAY

You remember me? I'm touched.

MARY

I thought you were dead! Really I  
did.

CUT TO:

Behind the table.

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

Still got your gun?

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED: (5)

91A

MARY  
(sotto)  
Of course.

SHERLOCK  
(sotto, to John)  
Yours?

JOHN  
(sotto)  
No!

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
Why *not*??

CUT TO:

AJAY  
I've been looking forward to this  
for longer than you can imagine.

MARY  
I swear to you. I thought you were  
dead! I thought I was the only one  
who got out.

She risks a peek around the table.

*Thup!*

A bullet smashes into the woodwork.

Sherlock holds out his hand for the gun.

Mary frowns. Then gives it to him.

SHERLOCK  
How did you find us?

He aims at the main light.

AJAY  
By following you, Sherlock Holmes.  
You are clever. You found her. But  
I found *you*. So...perhaps - not so  
clever. And now here we are. At  
*last*.

*Bang!*

Sherlock shoots the bulb out and the room is plunged into  
darkness.

AJAY  
(laughs)  
*Touché!*

There are frantic scuttling sounds as Ajay adjusts to the new  
situation.

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED: (6)

91A

The doorway is clear. Dim light spills in from the corridor beyond.

JOHN

Listen! Whatever you think you know, we can talk about this. We can sort it out!

AJAY

She thought I was dead. I might as well have been.

Mary takes the gun from Sherlock.

MARY

But it was always us. The four of us.

AJAY

Oh yes.

MARY

So why are you trying to kill me?

AJAY

Do you know how long they kept me prisoner? What they did to me? They tortured Alex to death. I can still hear the sound of his back breaking. But you? Where were you?

MARY

That day at the Embassy. I escaped.

Ajay laughs his mirthless laugh.

MARY (CONT'D)

I lost sight of you too. So - you explain? Where were you?

AJAY

I got out. For a while. Long enough to hide my memory stick. I didn't want that to fall into their hands. I was loyal, you see.

(bitter)

Loyal to my friends. But they took me. Tortured me. Not for information. Not for anything except fun. They thought I'd give in. Die. But I didn't. I *lived*. And eventually they forgot about me. Rotting in a cell somewhere. Six years they kept me there. Until one day...I saw my chance.

(grimly)

And I made them pay. And, you know, all the time I was there, I kept picking up things. Little whispers. Laughter. Gossip.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91A

CONTINUED: (7)

91A

AJAY (cont'd)

How the clever agents had been  
betrayed. Brought down by you.

MARY

Me?

A car goes past and the room is briefly illuminated by its  
headlights.

Ajay shifts forward on his behind to within inches of the  
table, the barrels of his guns glinting in the dim light from  
the corridor.

Quick as a flash, Mary's pistol is aiming at him.

Ajay's finger tightens on the trigger. Mary responds in kind.

MARY (CONT'D)

You know I'll kill you too. You  
know I will, Ajay.

John looks at his wife. She's transformed. A killer. It's  
disquieting.

JOHN

Come on, come on! Take it easy.  
Let's just keep this calm, ok? Keep  
it calm.

AJAY

You think I care if I die? I've  
dreamed of killing you. Every night  
for six years. Of squeezing the  
life out of your treacherous lying  
throat -

JOHN

You heard what she said. It wasn't  
her! Whatever you think, it wasn't  
her who betrayed you!

MARY

I swear to you, Ajay.

AJAY

I will kill you! I'll watch the  
life run out of you...

Sherlock emerges from behind the table, hands raised.

SHERLOCK

What did you hear, Ajay? Tell me!  
What exactly did you hear when you  
were a prisoner?

AJAY

What did I hear? "I love you".  
Every day. As they tore into me.  
"Love. Love. Love".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED: (8)

91A

AJAY (cont'd)  
(laughs)  
Like the Beatles song.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91A

CONTINUED: (9)

91A

AJAY (cont'd)  
(suddenly snarls)  
We were betrayed!

JOHN  
And they said it was her?

AJAY  
You betrayed us!

JOHN  
They said her name?

AJAY  
They said it was the English Woman!

Suddenly, silhouetted in the doorway - little KARIM, holding a tray of tea.

Ajay glances round - and from the corridor appears an armed MOROCCAN POLICEMAN.

He fires -

MARY  
*No, no, no, no!!*

-- and Ajay is slammed against the wall.

Mary races over to him. Weakly, he aims the gun at her. There's a moment -

- then Ajay's eyes roll up in his head. He's dead.

Karim drops the tray of tea. And starts to cry.

CUT TO:

92

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

92

MYCROFT is on the phone with SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
The Englishwoman. That's all he heard. Naturally, he assumed it was Mary.

MYCROFT  
Couldn't this wait until you're back?

CUT TO:

93

INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

93

SHERLOCK  
No! It isn't over. Ajay said they'd been betrayed.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
That the hostage-takers knew that  
A.G.R.A. were coming.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED: (2)

93

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
There was only a voice on the  
phone, remember - and a codeword.

MYCROFT (V.O.)  
"Ammo". Yes. You said.

SHERLOCK  
How's your Latin, brother dear?

MYCROFT (V.O.)  
My *Latin*?

SHERLOCK  
Amo, Amas, Amat.

MYCROFT (V.O.)  
I love, you love, he loves....

CUT TO:

94

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

94

MYCROFT  
What's this got to do with -

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
'Amo' not 'ammo' as in  
'ammunition'. 'Amo' meaning -

Mycroft's face falls.

MYCROFT  
You'd better be right, Sherlock.

CUT TO:

95

INT. MI6 CORRIDOR - DAY.

95

LADY SMALLWOOD sweeps down a corridor, her secretary VIVIAN behind her. She reaches the door of a conference room and swipes her security card. It comes up 'red'. She tries again. No good.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Bloody thing.

She turns, suddenly aware that SIR EDWIN and a burly SECURITY GUARD are behind her.

LADY SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

SIR EDWIN  
I'm very sorry. Your security  
protocols have been temporarily  
rescinded.

(CONTINUED)



95

CONTINUED:

95

*What?* LADY SMALLWOOD

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2) 95

Sir Edwin nods to the guard who gently escorts Lady Smallwood away.

CUT TO:

96 INT. PLANE - NIGHT. 96

SHERLOCK, JOHN and MARY are flying back.

John is staring out of the window.

He looks down at the moonlit sea. The great, grey, endless sea...

In his head, he hears Mary's voice.

MARY (V.O.)  
You know when you're in a plane  
looking down and it's just  
so...immense? Sometimes I think it  
was like that for me...

John looks utterly miserable. He glances over at Mary who is sound asleep. Then gets up and walks onto --

CUT TO:

97 INT. BUS - DAY. 97

- the bus, as we saw it before.

**Physical flashback.**

The Beautiful Woman is beaming at JOHN with a very amused expression.

John practically smooths his hair back like Roger Moore, he's so delighted. He nods to the woman and then gets off, a little reluctantly.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY. 98

JOHN ruefully pulls the plastic daisy from his hair.

He suddenly becomes conscious that someone is looking at him.

The BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, has got off the bus too. She's smiling. This is 'E'.

'E'  
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

JOHN

Oh. Hi.

'E'

I liked your daisy.

JOHN

What? Oh. Yeah.

(laughs)

Not really me, though.

'E'

No?

JOHN

No.

'E'

Shame.

JOHN

Bit...floral I thought.

I'm more 'knackered with weary old eyes'. It's this season's look.

'E'

I think they're nice.

Beat.

'E' (CONT'D)

Nice eyes.

She looks at him very directly.

John swallows.

Time to exit this slightly absurd, slightly sexy situation. He's aware of his responsibilities. Especially as a new father --

'E' walks forward, takes a pen and scrap of paper from her bag, writes something and calmly tucks it into John's hand. Then she turns and disappears into the crowd.

On John: we hear his heart thumping, thumping, thumping...

CUT TO:

99

EXT. STREET- DAY

99

*Flashback.*

JOHN is further down the street.

He waits a moment and then unfolds the piece of paper.

It's a phone number. Followed by the initial 'E'. And a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED:

99

John gets out his phone. An image of him, Mary and the baby stares up at him. He swallows, feeling immediately sick and guilty.

He walks to a bin and holds the paper over it.

Again, his heart thumps...

Fade to black...

CUT TO:

100

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY.

100

*Flashback.*

Some weeks later.

JOHN is watching TV. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out some mints. Something else falls out too.

It's the scrap of paper.

He stares at it for a long moment.

Then he takes out his phone and quite casually open his contacts.

Enters a new contact:

'E'.

He types in the number.

Stares at it for a moment.

Then, fatefully, he taps 'send message'.

And texts the simple word 'Hey'.

From upstairs, the baby starts crying.

John's about to put his phone away when it beeps.

He checks it.

A reply:

*Hey.*

CUT TO:

101 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

101

*Flashback.*

The scene as before...

MARY  
You'd think we'd have noticed. When  
she was born.

JOHN  
Noticed what?

MARY  
The little 666 tattooed on her  
forehead.

JOHN  
That's 'The Omen'.

MARY  
So?

JOHN  
You said it was like 'The  
Exorcist'. You can't have them  
both. She can't be the Antichrist  
and the Devil.

The baby starts **screaming** in the next room.

MARY  
(sighs)  
Can't she?

She throws back the duvet and shuffles towards the door.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Coming, darling. I'm coming...

John lies there a moment, staring at the ceiling. Then he  
glances over at his phone on the bedside table.

He pulls his phone towards him and checks the texts.

On his phone -

**'It's been too long'**

John flicks a guilty glance towards the door through which  
Mary left.

He fumbles with the phone. He's surprised to find his hands  
are trembling.

He texts. **'I know. Sorry'**.

Quick as a flash, a reply.

**'Miss you'**.

(CONTINUED)

101

CONTINUED:

101

John glances at the clock. 5am.

(CONTINUED)

101

CONTINUED: (2)

101

Texts:

*'You're up late'.*

Reply:

*'Or early'.*

He texts:

*'Night owl?'*

Reply:

*'Vampire'.*

John sends a smiley face in reply.

Mary comes back in, rocking the baby who is still crying.

John hastily turns his phone off.

JOHN  
Ok?

MARY  
(weary)  
Yeah.

JOHN  
I'll take her.

MARY  
Sure?

JOHN  
Yeah. Might as well get up now.

MARY  
Thanks love.

She hands over the baby. John takes her and shushes her. Mary clambers back into bed and closes her eyes.

We linger on John's phone on the bedside table.

Then his hand comes into shot and he picks it up.

CUT TO:

102

INT. BUS - DAY.

102

*Flashback.*

JOHN's on the bus again, standing this time, phone in hand. He's already written a text.

It reads:

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

*'This isn't a good idea. I'm not free. Things won't end well.  
It was nice get to know you a little. I'm sorry'.*

John stares at his text.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. BUS-STOP - DAY. 103

*Flashback.*

He gets off the bus, head down.

His thumb hovers over the 'send' button of his phone.

He presses. It's over. Over before it began.

He looks up.

'E' is there.

She doesn't smile this time.

She looks at him, hard. Searching. Their eyes lock.

Then John turns and walks away --

CUT TO:

104 INT. PLANE - NIGHT. 104

-- resuming his seat on the plane.

**Back to present day.**

JOHN stares out of the window.

Then he closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

105 INT. MI6 CELL - DAY. 105

One of the familiar concrete interrogation rooms.

LADY SMALLWOOD sits opposite MYCROFT.

LADY SMALLWOOD

This is utterly ridiculous and you  
know it. How many more times!

MYCROFT

Six years ago you were under-  
secretary for Foreign Affairs.  
Codename: Love.

(CONTINUED)



105

CONTINUED:

105

LADY SMALLWOOD

And you're basing all this on a  
codename? *On a whispered voice on*  
the telephone? *Come on, Mycroft.*

MYCROFT

You were the conduit for A.G.R.A.  
That's on record. Every assignment.  
Every detail, they got from you.

LADY SMALLWOOD

It was my job!

MYCROFT

And then came the Tbilisi  
assignment. A.G.R.A. went in.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Yes.

MYCROFT

And they were betrayed.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Not by me!  
(sighs)  
Mycroft, we've known each other a  
long time.

Mycroft nods.

LADY SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

I promise you I haven't the  
foggiest idea what all this is  
about. You wound up A.G.R.A. and  
all the other free-lancers. I  
haven't done any of the things  
you're accusing me of. Not one. Not  
ONE.

Mycroft looks uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

We cut to the other side of the two-way mirror.

SHERLOCK is watching. He too looks troubled.

A SECURITY GUARD is giving him a cup of tea.

GUARD

There you go, Sherlock. Solved any  
good ones lately?

SHERLOCK

(Looking at Lady Smallwood,  
troubled)  
No, I don't think so.

CUT TO:

106      EXT. VAUXHALL CROSS - NIGHT.

106

SHERLOCK is walking by the river, the imposing bulk of the Vauxhall Cross MI6 building looming nearby.

He watches as security personnel leave the office, blurring into the commuter crowds.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

He stares at the Thames. Lights twinkle and shift over its fast-flowing surface. CUT TO.

107 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT. 107

MARY sits in front of the fire with a glass of wine, pensive.  
JOHN comes in.

MARY  
Ok?

JOHN  
Got her down eventually.

He sinks into a chair.

MARY  
Wine?

JOHN  
*Oh yes.*

Mary pours him a large glass of red. She looks enviously at it.

MARY  
Looking forward to having one of those again.

JOHN  
I bet.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Do you think she'll like bedtime stories? I'd like to do that.

MARY  
Yeah?

JOHN  
Yeah. I just make a series of gurgling noises at the moment.

Mary laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
She seems to like them, though.

MARY  
I'll have to give it a go.

Beat.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Got some catching up to do.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: 107

There's a long silence.

John looks anxious. Bursting to tell Mary. Doesn't know how to begin...

CUT TO:

108 EXT. VAUXHALL - NIGHT. 108

SHERLOCK sits on a bench, staring into space. Thinking, thinking...

CUT TO:

The Thatcher bust shatters, revealing the memory stick.

CUT TO:

AJAY in the darkness, eyes glittering.

AJAY

They said it was the Englishwoman!

CUT TO:

MARY

You'd be amazed what a receptionist picks up. They know everything!

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK's eyes widen. He suddenly looks towards Vauxhall Cross again. A sea of people. Sherlock starts running...

CUT TO:

109 INT. VAUXHALL CROSS - SECURITY ENTRANCE - NIGHT. 109

SHERLOCK has just flashed an ID badge.

SECURITY GUARD

No, sir. She's gone.

Sherlock slams his hand on the desk in frustration.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Friday night, though, innit?

SHERLOCK

So?

SECURITY GUARD

So, there's somewhere she always goes on a Friday night. They have an arrangement. She gets to stay late...

CUT TO:

110 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT.

110

JOHN sinks the last of his wine.

MARY  
Needed that.

JOHN  
Yeah!

Mary kisses him.

MARY  
You don't make it easy, you know.

JOHN  
What do you mean?

MARY  
Being so perfect.

John looks anguished.

MARY  
I mean, it's always me that messes  
up, isn't it?

JOHN  
No...no -

MARY  
I wasn't what I said I was. I shot  
your best friend. Now I've put  
everyone's life in danger.

Beat.

MARY  
But it's all over now. And I want  
to make it up to you. To make  
everything ok again.

Beat.

JOHN  
Listen, love...

Mary looks up.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
There's...I need to tell you --

John is about to speak when his phone buzzes. Mary's too.

They both look at each other, then grab their phones.

On-screen text:

**"The curtain rises. The last act. It's not over. London  
Aquarium. Come immediately. SH".**

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED:

110

John and Mary look at each other again.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I -

MARY

Tell me later. Can it wait?

JOHN

(grateful)

Yeah, yeah.

They race for the door.

MARY

Hang on! We can't just -

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED: (2)

110

JOHN  
(of course)  
Rosie.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You go.

MARY  
No -

JOHN  
I'll be there as soon as I can find  
someone. Mrs Hudson -

MARY  
Cofru. Till Saturday. Molly?

JOHN  
I'll try her.

MARY  
We'll both have to stay. Till she  
gets here.

JOHN  
Come on. You know that's not going  
to happen. If there's more to this  
case then you're the one who needs  
to see it.

Beat.

MARY  
Ok. You win.

JOHN  
I'll follow as soon as she gets  
here. *If* she gets here.

Mary heads for the door.

JOHN  
Be careful.

MARY  
I'll be fine. Sherlock made a vow,  
remember?

She smiles. Goes out.

John takes out his phone and scrolls through his contacts.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3) 110

CUT TO:

111 EXT. LONDON AQUARIUM - NIGHT. 111

A shaft of bluey light pours from the entrance to the famous Aquarium.

CUT TO:

112 INT. LONDON AQUARIUM - NIGHT. 112

The calm, pellucid gloom of the interior.

SHERLOCK is in a room full of huge glass tanks. Behind him, jellyfish pulse and bloom, changing colour from white to blue to green to red.

The last few TOURISTS are leaving.

Sherlock walks on --

CUT TO:

113 INT. LONDON AQUARIUM. SHARK TANKS - NIGHT. 113

-- entering a huge room with vast tanks. Inside, prop Easter Island heads around which swim blank-eyed sharks.

A woman is sitting with her back to him.

VIVIAN

This was always my favourite spot  
for agents to meet. Quite  
appropriate I always thought.

She nods towards the gaping-mouthed sharks.

VIVIAN

We're like them. Ghostly. Living in  
the shadows.

She turns. Smiles at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Predatory?

VIVIAN

Depends whose side you're on.  
Also.. we have to keep moving or we  
die.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)



113 CONTINUED: 113

SHERLOCK  
Nice location for the final act. I  
couldn't have chosen it better  
myself. But then, I could never  
resist a touch of the dramatic.

VIVIAN  
(shrugs)  
I just come here to look at the  
fish.

CUT TO:

114 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT. 114

JOHN looks anxiously at his watch. Come on, *come on...*

CUT TO:

115 INT. LONDON AQUARIUM - NIGHT. 115

VIVIAN  
I knew this would happen one day.  
It's like that old story.

SHERLOCK  
I'm a very busy man. Can you just  
cut to the chase?

VIVIAN  
You're very sure of yourself,  
aren't you?

SHERLOCK  
With good reason.

Beat.

VIVIAN  
There was once a merchant in the  
famous market at Baghdad -

SHERLOCK  
Oh yes. I know this one. Funny...

VIVIAN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
My brother was just...

He loses focus for a moment.

SHERLOCK  
I don't have time for fairy tales.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

VIVIAN  
Some things are inescapable. I  
always knew this day would come.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2) 115

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
I'm just like the merchant in the story. I thought I could outrun the inevitable but I've always been looking over my shoulder. Always expecting to see the grim figure of...

MARY (O.S.)  
Death?

MARY emerges from the shadows.

SHERLOCK  
Hello, Mary.

MARY  
Hey.

SHERLOCK  
John?

MARY  
On his way.

CUT TO:

116 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT. 116

The front door opens onto MOLLY.

JOHN almost throws his keys at her and heads out.

JOHN  
Thanks so much for doing this!

MOLLY  
That's ok. I was just on a -

John slams the door as he exits.

MOLLY  
- hot date.

CUT TO:

117 INT. LONDON AQUARIUM - NIGHT. 117

MARY  
(to Vivian)  
You were Ammo? You were the voice on the phone that time?

SHERLOCK  
Using A.G.R.A. as a private assassination unit.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MARY  
(to Vivian)  
Why did you do it? Why did you  
betray us?

VIVIAN  
Why does anyone do anything?

(CONTINUED)

117

CONTINUED: (2)

117

SHERLOCK

Let me guess. Selling secrets?

VIVIAN

(shrugs)

Seemed churlish to refuse. Worked very well for a few years. Bought a nice cottage in Cornwall off the back of it. But...the Ambassador in Tbilisi found out. I thought I'd had it. Then she was taken hostage in that coup.

(laughs)

Couldn't believe my luck! That bought me a little time.

SHERLOCK

Then you found out your boss was sending A.G.R.A. in.

VIVIAN

Very handy. They were always such reliable killers.

She glances at Mary.

SHERLOCK

What you didn't know, Mary, was that she also tipped off the hostage-takers.

VIVIAN

Lady Smallwood gave the order. But I sent another one, to the terrorists. With a nice little clue about her code-name, should anyone have an enquiring mind.

(nods to Sherlock)

Seemed to do the trick.

MARY

And you thought all your troubles were over.

VIVIAN

I was tired. Tired of the...mess of it all. I wanted some peace. Some clarity. The hostages were killed. A.G.R.A. too. Or so I thought. My secret was safe.

Beat.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

But apparently not.

(to Mary)

Just a little peace, that's all you wanted too, wasn't it? A home. A family. Really, I understand. So just let me get out of here, ok?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (3)

117

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Just let me walk away. I'll vanish.  
I'll go forever. What do you say?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (4) 117

MARY  
After what you *did*?

She moves towards Vivian.

Quick as a flash, Vivian has a gun trained on her.

CUT TO:

118 INT. TAXI - NIGHT. 118

JOHN is in the back of a cab, racing over a bridge, on the phone.

JOHN  
(on phone)  
London Aquarium. Yes. Now!!

CUT TO:

119 INT. LONDON AQUARIUM - NIGHT. 119

VIVIAN looks down at her gun.

VIVIAN  
I was never a field agent. I always  
thought I'd be rather good.

SHERLOCK  
You handled the Tbilisi job very  
well. Pretty impressive.

VIVIAN  
Thanks.

SHERLOCK  
For a secretary.

VIVIAN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Can't have been easy. All these  
years. Sitting in the background,  
keeping your mouth shut when you  
knew you were cleverer than most  
people in the room.

VIVIAN  
I didn't do this out of jealousy.

SHERLOCK  
No? Same old drudge, day in, day  
out. Never getting out there where  
the excitement was. Going back to  
that little flat in Wigmore Street -

Vivian looks startled.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

They've taken up the pavement outside the post office there. The local clay on your shoes is very distinctive. Yes, back to your little flat -

VIVIAN

How do you - ?

SHERLOCK

On your salary? Has to be modest. You blew all the money on that cottage, didn't you? And - what are you - widowed or divorced?

Before Vivian can speak, Sherlock gestures towards her hand.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Wedding ring, at least thirty years old but moved to a different finger. So you're sentimentally attached but not still married. I'd favour widowed given the number of cats you share your life with.

MARY

(concerned)

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

Two Burmese and a Tortoiseshell judging by the hairs on your cardigan. A divorcee is more likely to look for a new partner, a widow to fill the void in her life left by a dead husband.

Vivian's expression hardens.

MARY

Sherlock, don't!

But Sherlock is grand-standing, enjoying himself.

SHERLOCK

Pets do that, or so I'm told. And there's clearly no-one new in your life or you wouldn't be spending your Friday nights in the Aquarium. That probably accounts for the drink problem too. The slight tremor in your hands, the red wine smile ghosting the top lip. So, yes, I'd say jealousy was your motive in the end. To prove you were good enough. To make up for the inadequacy of your little life.

A group of POLICE led by LESTRADE pile into the Aquarium. MYCROFT appears behind them.

(CONTINUED)



119

CONTINUED: (2)

119

MYCROFT  
(to Vivian)  
Well, Mrs Norbury. I must admit,  
this is unexpected.

Sherlock holds out his hand for Vivian's gun. It sags in her grip.

SHERLOCK  
Vivian Norbury. Who outsmarted them  
all. All except Sherlock Holmes.  
(smug)  
There's no way out.

VIVIAN  
So it would seem. You've seen right  
through me, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK  
It's what I do.

VIVIAN  
Maybe I can still surprise you.

She re-aims the gun at Sherlock.

LESTRADE  
Come on. Be sensible.

Vivian seems to consider this. She gazes levelly at Sherlock.

VIVIAN  
No. I don't think so.

Time seems to slow down.

Mary looks at Sherlock.

Vivian's finger tightens on the trigger.

Time seems to stand still.

*Mary throws herself in front of Sherlock.*

**BOOOOOOOM!!!**

The gun fires.

The bullet spins, spins, spins in slo-mo.

There's a strange standstill moment as the blast echoes  
around the aquarium.

Then Mary crumples to the floor.

Vivian drops the gun.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
*Surprise.*

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

119

The Police close in on her. She offers no resistance.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED: (4)

119

SHERLOCK  
No, oh no! *Mary!!!*

He cradles Mary and lays her on the floor. Blood is pouring from her chest.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's going to be ok. It's fine.  
(screams to Mycroft)  
Get an ambulance!!

Mycroft immediately calls for help.

Suddenly, JOHN pushes his way inside past the police. He takes in the scene in an instant.

JOHN  
MARY!!

MARY  
Oh John...

He dashes to her side.

JOHN  
Stay with me, Mary. Don't worry.

He tries to staunch the blood. But it's flooding out of her.

MARY  
Come on, doctor...You can do better than that.

She smiles weakly.

JOHN  
Mary -

MARY  
Oh God, John. I think this it.

JOHN  
*Nononononono.....*

MARY  
You made me so happy. You gave me everything I could ever...ever have wanted.

JOHN  
No, Mary, please...

MARY  
Look after Rosie. Promise me.

JOHN  
Mary, please don't leave me!

MARY  
Promise me.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED: (5)

119

John nods, eyes brimming with tears.

Sherlock is standing by them now. Mary looks up at him.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Hey Sherlock.

SHERLOCK  
Hey, Mary.

MARY  
I like you. Did I ever say?

SHERLOCK  
Yes. You did.

MARY  
Sorry...sorry for shooting you that time.

SHERLOCK  
I know.

MARY  
Think we're even now. Ok?

SHERLOCK  
Ok.

MARY  
(eyes closing)  
Definitely even.

She squeezes John's hand.

MARY (CONT'D)  
And you. You were my whole world.

She closes her eyes. Then they flicker open again.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Being Mary Watson was the only life worth living.

JOHN  
Mary...

MARY  
*Thank you.*

She's gone.

John sinks his head onto hers and sobs and sobs and sobs.

At last, Sherlock puts his hand on John's shoulder.

John looks up, his eyes red with grief and fury.

JOHN  
You made a vow. You *swore* it.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (6) 119

We pull back higher and higher, through the tanks and the silent, gliding sharks...

FADE TO BLACK.

A dream-like montage.

VIVIAN being led through the Aquarium in handcuffs.

JOHN staring into the Thames.

The flames of a crematorium...

CUT TO:

120 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY. 120

JOHN, unshaven, unwashed, sits staring into space. He is utterly shattered.

His phone is ringing, over and over and over...

CUT TO:

121 EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY. 121

An idyllic summer's day.

The air shimmers.

THREE CHILDREN playing by a riverbank.

We see only flashes of their legs, hands, splashing water.

ELLA (V.O.)  
You've been having dreams. A  
recurring dream?

CUT TO:

122 INT. THERAPIST'S ROOM - DAY. 122

On ELLA, John's therapist. Calm, cool.

ELLA  
Want to talk about it?

Silence.

ELLA (CONT'D)  
This is a two-way relationship, you  
know.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

Silence.

ELLA (CONT'D)  
The whole world has come crashing  
down around you. Everything's  
hopeless. Irretrievable. I know  
that's what you must feel. But I  
can only help if you completely  
open yourself up to me.

The camera swings round to reveal -

SHERLOCK  
That's not really my style.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I want to know what to do.

ELLA  
Do?

SHERLOCK  
About John.

CUT TO:

123 INT. MYCROFT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT. 123

A clinical, cold kitchen. Things still bubbled-wrapped. It's  
never used.

MYCROFT comes in.

He rubs his eyes wearily, goes to the fridge. Nothing in.

By the phone on the wall there are various take-away menus.  
He reaches for one then spots the calender next to it.

The 13th has been ringed.

He checks his watch.

Sighs.

Then he takes out his phone and dials a number.

MYCROFT  
Put me through to Sherrinford.

Beat.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)  
Yes. I'll wait.

CUT TO:

124 OMITTED

124

125 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

125

Another evening. Traffic blurs past the flat.

MRS HUDSON (V.O.)  
Nothing will ever be the same  
again, will it?

CUT TO:

126 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

126

MRS HUDSON sits opposite SHERLOCK. She wipes away a tear.

SHERLOCK  
I'm afraid it won't.

MRS HUDSON  
We'll all have to rally round, I  
expect. Do our bit. Look after  
little Rosie.

Sherlock glances down at the table. His laptop is open on his  
emails.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I'd...er...I'd better go through  
these. Might be a case.

MRS HUDSON  
A case? Are you sure you're up to  
it?

SHERLOCK  
Work is the best antidote to  
sorrow, Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON  
Yes. Yes, I expect you're right.

Sherlock scrolls through the emails without really thinking.  
He's a million miles away.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)  
I'll make us some tea, eh?

SHERLOCK  
Mrs Hudson -

MRS HUDSON  
Yes, Sherlock?

(CONTINUED)



126

CONTINUED:

126

SHERLOCK

If you ever think I'm getting a bit  
full of myself. Cocky. Over-  
confident...

MRS HUDSON

Yes?

SHERLOCK

Just say the word 'Norbury' to me,  
would you?

MRS HUDSON

Norbury?

SHERLOCK

Just that.  
(grim)  
I'd be very grateful -

SUDDENLY, HE FROWNS - NOTICING SOMETHING. ON THE TABLE, AN  
ENVELOPE, PRINTED ADDRESS, MARKED PRIVATE AND PERSONAL

SHERLOCK

What's that?

MRS HUDSON

Oh, I brought it up. Got mixed in  
with mine.

SHERLOCK

(Sniffs envelope)  
From a lawyer. Keeps A dog at the  
office. No. Two.

RIPS OPEN THE ENVELOPE. A DVD FALLS INTO HIS HAND. THE WORDS  
'MISS ME?' WRITTEN ON IT.

Mrs Hudson catches sight of it.

MRS HUDSON

Oh God. Is that - ?

SHERLOCK

Must be! I knew it couldn't end  
there! I knew Moriarty made plans!

HE'S ALREADY SLIPPING THE DVD INTO HIS LAPTOP.

Mrs Hudson sits next to him.

Without thinking, she holds his hand.

The screen fizzes.

And on it appears --

MARY

Thought that would get your  
attention.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

It's Mary. Recorded some time ago.

MARY (CONT'D)

This is in case...

(sighs)

...in case the day comes.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3)

126

She chokes back tears.

MARY (CONT'D)

If you're watching this, then I'm probably dead. I hope I can have an ordinary life. But who knows? Nothing's certain. Nothing's written. My old life. It has consequences. The danger was the fun part. But you can't outrun it forever. You need to remember that too. So...

(swallows)

I'm giving you a case, Sherlock. Might be the hardest case of your whole career. When I'm gone...if I'm gone...I need you to do something for me.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY.

127

SHERLOCK stands outside John and Mary's house.

From inside, the wail of a baby.

Sherlock rings the bell again.

At last the door opens and MOLLY is revealed, holding baby Rosie.

MOLLY

Oh.

SHERLOCK

Just wondered how things were going. And if there's anything I can do.

Molly looks away, as though embarrassed. Then she hands Sherlock a note.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It's...it's from John.

SHERLOCK

Right.

(CONTINUED)

127

CONTINUED:

127

He starts to open it. Molly stays his hand.

MOLLY

You don't need to read it. I'm  
sorry, Sherlock. He says...John  
said if you were to come round  
asking after him...  
Offering to help.

SHERLOCK

Yes?

MOLLY

That he'd rather have anyone but  
you.

Sherlock's face falls.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

**Anyone.**

She tries to smile but just looks sad. Slowly, she closes the  
door.

Sherlock turns away, deflated.

He trudges out onto the street.

On Sherlock's face, as he walks, we hear Mary's words  
again...

MARY

(V.O.)

I'm giving you a case, Sherlock.  
When I'm gone...if I'm gone...I  
need you to do something for me.

*Flashback*

Now Mary's face on the screen.

MARY (CONT'D)

Save John Watson. Save him,  
Sherlock. SAVE HIM.

Back on Sherlock, walking. The camera drifts down his body,  
settling on his shoes as he walks.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

When does the path we walk on lock  
around our feet? When does the road  
become a river, with only one  
destination?

The ripple effect again...

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
Death waits for us all in Samarra.  
But can Samarra be avoided?

END